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No. 2631

FEBRUARY 8, 1906

PRICE 10 CENTS

LESLIE'S WEEKLY



1809 ~ 1865



LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY NUMBER

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

Vol. CIX.

No. 2631

PUBLISHED BY THE JUDGE COMPANY, 225 FOURTH AVE., CORNER 19TH STREET, NEW YORK.

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Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

MERCURY ADVERTISING OFFICE

1818 BROADWAY, CHICAGO, ILL.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS: The International News Company, Brussels; Building, 1, Avenue Louise, Brussels; English Publishing Co., Ltd., London; New York, by arrangement with the English Publishing Co., Ltd.; and local offices, wholly under present headings.

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Thursday, February 8, 1906

What's the Matter with New York?

THE TROUBLE with the Republican party in New York State is that it has too many leaders. The trouble with the Democratic party is that it hasn't enough. The retirement of ex-Senator David B. Hill removes the only natural-born, successful leader that the Democratic party in this State, if not in the United States, has had since Tilden's time. With the passing of Daniel Manning and the self-effacement of Grover Cleveland, nothing was left of the Democratic party in New York but the crew of Tammany Hall, which had been stirred from the bottom so as to come on top. The rural districts, which have produced the most successful leaders of both parties in this State, have nothing to offer to the Democracy that it is inclined to take. Ex-Judge D. Cadby Herrick, who made such a sensational run against the heavy odds of a presidential year in a Roosevelt epoch, and who has all of Hill's pertinacity and all of Manning's imperturbability, seems to be the best equipped and most available man in his party for its leadership.

But a leader must have a party to lead. The Democracy presents such a composite conglomerate of factions and discord, with its McAdooites, its Jeromeites, McCulloughites, and others, and Mass., and all the rest of the small fry who imagine themselves to be big fish, that no sensible and experienced man in the party dare accept the leadership, if invited to do so, and no one is invited, because all the small fry are too busy with their own hats to think of any one else, or even of the party's salvation, unless they can be made its saviors.

If the Democracy could get together and unite on a candidate for the governorship, Hearst, no doubt, if he were not the candidate chosen, would represent the people's interests, and be eminently emulated by his near approach to success last fall—and run on his own advertising account for the governorship. This is the hope of the Republican party. It can always rely for success, in an emergency, on the blunders of its opponents.

Honest cleaning in the Republican party at any time is a good thing. It is excellent now, as far as it goes, and it has not been half completed. Unless the work is speedily finished—and perhaps even if it is—the work will be so short and so meager that the able-bodied men of the party will be compelled to seek next fall. Of course new recruits may be enlisted, but new recruits do not always make the best fighters.

No matter who may head the Republican State ticket next fall, he is bound to have a hard time of it. Mrs. Hearst's independent movement, the sledging, etc., that is a close show. A change of only 500 votes in 1894 would have given New York to Blaine, made him President, and defeated Cleveland for all time. A change of less than 8,000 in 1896 would have defeated Roosevelt for the governorship and sent him back to private life, and cut him off marmosely just to the president and to the foremost place in the ranks of great American politicians. A change of less than 4,500 in 1902 would have made Coler, instead of Odell, a Governor of New York State, and probably the only policy's candidate for the presidency in 1904. Odell, whether defeated or not in 1902, would have continued to be the undisputed leader, for the time being, of the Republican party. His defeat for the governorship might have landed him in the Senate a year ago. In view of recent events, a narrow victory in 1902 bids fair to prove more expensive and exasperating in the final analysis of things.

While the Republican Legislature is beginning its work at Albany, and proceeding to discuss the propriety of wholesale investigations of Republican de-

partments, the removal of United States Senators elected by Republican Legislatures, and the re-opening of an investigation of a Republican judge that was closed last year, it is well to hear these few suggestive reminiscences in mind.

There can be such a thing as overriding the housekeeping business.

The President and Santo Domingo.

THE "I-TOLD-YOU-SO" ELEMENT among the opponents of President Roosevelt is making the political situation in Santo Domingo more complicated than in Santo Domingo to discredit the efforts of the administration to make an end of chronic anarchy and bloodshed in that island. It is one of the petty and contemptible weaknesses of our depraved human nature to pass over with a smile the sins of man and ignore the mistakes and errors of judgment—a tendency emphasized in every case where the other man is a political opponent. In the instance of Santo Domingo, the political critics and censors of President Roosevelt do not give him credit for being honest, upright, and disinterested in their effort to end a situation which, in the opinion of all the civilized world, has become intolerable. Here, as always, it is easy to find fault, to take the negative attitude and tell what should not have been done.

We have been hearing these many years about the terrible state of affairs existing in Santo Domingo, the bloodshed, the chaos, the pitiable condition of the people, and again and again the cry has gone up, why is not something done about it? President Roosevelt, according to his word, tried to do something. He placed a plan of reform and fiscal control which, without seriously interfering in the autonomy of the island, and with no such intention in view, seemed to promise for it a more stable and better government. That the plan thus sincerely proposed has apparently failed is not the President's fault. It is the fault of a prophet not the son of a saint. What could not in the immediate future among the fickle, ignorant, and barbarous crew to whom the destinies of Santo Domingo seem to be irrevocably committed, and who apparently have no love of peace and order when it is brought within their reach?

But even those who have been most critical of the President's policy regarding Santo Domingo have been compelled to make grudging admission that some benefit resulted from it. Although the new arrangement for the fiscal control of the island did not stop the outbreak of the recent trouble, it did, as is generally conceded, shorten the period of the commotion. The warning factions in unhappy Santo Domingo have heretofore derived their sinews of war from the customs receipts of such ports as would seize. Since the new arrangement was made, the late trouble, and lack of funds caused its speedy ending.

President Roosevelt has made, at all events, a brave and resolute effort to end the everlasting turmoil. If he has failed, it has been in failure in a truly noble cause—the cause of humanity and justice. Have carpers and critics now any better plan to offer?

Elihu Root as a Foreign Minister.

UNDER THE control of the Hon. Elihu Root, of New York, the State Department has made a new and creditable departure. It has made changes in its officials and in its methods. Robert Bacon, the new First Assistant Secretary of State, is a capable and popular man. Though he has been called a neophyte, he has a record of solid service in the State Department at Caracas. It has been discovered that President Castro, of Venezuela, had some justice on his side in the asphalt case, and no more threats of intervention on our part are being sent to him. On the contrary, we have established friendly relations with that country, which are intended to continue to us.

Secretary Root's refusal to give encouragement to the American filibusters who raised their opera-bouffe rebellion in the Isle of Pines, and his plain advice to them to obey the laws of Cuba, to which they belong, has been a decided triumph. The Isle of Pines, a colony of Latin America, and has removed the distrust felt in some of the countries of that region against what they styled the imperialistic proclivities of the United States. A still larger work in the same direction will be performed by the secretary in his great mission to South America, early in March, in the representation of the three Americas. This departure from the country of a Secretary of State on a diplomatic errand will be unprecedented in our annals. South America knows this, and so does Europe. Through the whole of Latin America, this mission will have a salutary effect. An account of the issues, including the Monroe Doctrine, which will come up in the conference, that affair will command the attention of the world.

Our singular relations with Santo Domingo, the latest and most sprightly of Cuban's practical commercial dealing with England, and the question of a tariff with Germany, which both countries are anxious to avoid, place new duties and responsibilities on the head of the State Department, to all of which the present incumbent is giving intelligent attention.

From the point of view of the foreign government, and from what he has already done in office,

there is an excellent prospect that Elihu Root will win a place beside Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Clay, Webster, and Seward as one of America's greatest foreign ministers.

The Plain Truth.

THE EXTENT to which limitations on the free action of the individual are being imposed by legislative action is hardly realized. Through the urgency of labor agitators, laws have been passed in this State which compel men in manufacturing to take a day off, or two days, before they can go to work. If the man is a plumber, an undertaker, a horse-shoer, or a harber, he must be enrolled and licensed. There is a propriety in licensing plumbers and restricting employment in the trade to those having knowledge of sanitation, but there is no need of carrying this to the extreme of free labor, as in extent recent Legislatures have been doing. Senator Davis has just presented a bill to compel master electricians to take out licenses. All these new statutes provide snug berths on new occupations for themselves. Perpetual members of the Legislature are not to be blamed for pushing these bills, because behind them stands the constant pressure in their favor of the labor vote, while the opposition is unorganized or inappreciable. It is hoped that, before any more freak labor bills are progressed, an organized movement against them will develop. At all events, they should never get farther than the door of the executive chamber.

IT WILL BE a long time between drinks" in the new State to be created out of Oklahoma and Indian Territory if the enabling act passes Congress in its present form, since the new State contains a number of counties prohibited in the new State for twenty-one years and "thereafter, unless the people shall decide otherwise by an amendment to the constitution." Many people within these Territories, and without, would prefer to have an independent set of governments of protection in the new State, but the clause as it stands is a distinct triumph for the cause of public morality and good government in the new commonwealth. It is to be noted that in framing an enabling act of this kind Congress is not concerned with the cause of protection as a general policy, but simply and only fulfilling a specific and solemn agreement with the population of the Indian Territory, which has been under a prohibitory law for many years, a law which could not be abrogated by the proposed merger with Oklahoma without the gravest consequences to the people of the new State. Since it has to be an unconstitutional act, let us consider whether, by a constitutional amendment, there need be little apprehension for the future. The power of the saloon in politics is waning every year, and if the new State of Oklahoma can be kept from it for the period set by the law it will stay free forever.

THE PROVISION in the Foraker bill granting the new State citizenship to the people of Porto Rico is in line with the President's recommendation on that subject, and should become a law as soon as possible. No good reason exists why the present anomalous condition should continue; it is humiliating to Porto Ricans and provocative of almost every excepting kind of trouble. Let us hope that the new State, The great desire in this matter, as in the case of other far-away Territories—Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines—is that Congress will subordinate the demand for needed legislation to questions of minor importance near home, and, perhaps, ignore it altogether. This tendency to push aside and postpone for the remote future all legislation measures designed for the benefit of our territorial and colonial possessions has been a heavy and just grievance to the people of these regions for years, and it is the rock of apathy and indifference on the part of the Congress that causes it to continue, and will continue, if it does not split at all. One of two things reason and justice should compel us to do—either to grant the people of our colonial possessions the largest possible measure of self-government at once, or to heed their appeals for legislative relief with at least as much promptness and effectiveness as we do such demands from constituencies nearer the seat of power and authority.

THE NEW comptroller of New York City, Mr. Herman A. Metz, seems to have the staff of a genuine revenue in him, though it may be too soon to give a final verdict. He declares that he will do away, as far and as fast as possible, with the methods of doing business in New York, and that the new system, when it is adopted, many of which are antiquated, unscientifically complex, and provocative of long and tedious delays. He has found, in brief, that the city's financial management has been afflicted with red-tapism to a degree that has been destructive to the welfare and happiness of every class of business in the municipality. For example, it has been the practice to compile and issue reports of the city's financial transactions at periods varying from two to three years after they have been completed, and in form so cumbersome and complicated that only an expert can understand them. "There is no reason why," says Mr. Metz, "the city's accounts should not be kept as well as those of a private business, and not be merely a means of concealing what a great many people want to know and have a present means of finding out." The new comptroller of New York, however, believes that nothing of the kind seems to have been thought of before, only shows how far the municipality of New York, in this department as in others, has strayed from the path of simplicity, economy, and sound business methods in the administration of its affairs.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

TO BECOME the confidential secretary of the speaker of the House is an honor highly appreciated and



L. WHITE GOUBET,
A noted newspaper man, who is Speaker
Clement's secretary.—*Parler*.

Resid in 1860, and with McKinley in 1896, 1898, 1900, and 1904. He remained a member of the delegation from 1880 to 1904, and in 1898, 1900, and 1904 edited the Republican campaign text-books. Mr. Bussey has continued to write since he has been in official life, and some notable articles on the tariff, the speaker and his relations to legislation have appeared over his name. Mr. Bussey's position with the speaker is largely political, and he is not a member of the Cabinet. His Cannon correspondence. It is in this relation that he is of such value to the speaker. A clever writer, understanding national politics and Republican policies, familiar with Illinois politics and people, Mr. Bussey is able to relieve Speaker Cannon of the burdensome work of his position. Speaker Cannon always has had a particular liking for the Washington correspondents, and he would be greatly embarrassed without their assistance in this connection; consequently he sought a man for his confidential secretary who would not only meet the requirements would also be a valuable assistant and counsellor in his consideration of the men of the press. Mr. Bussey is a prominent member of the Gridiron Club—the most

CUPID HAS no place in royal families, and seldom does he meddle with the affairs of those



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF BATTENBERG,
A niece of King Edward, who soon will
become the bride of King Alfonso

an athletic man, and weighs close to two hundred pounds. She won the admiration of Alfonso, who weighs about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and the rulers fixed it up between them. Emma and her English-ancestor, already engaged, made a fuss over it; but affairs of state brook no foolish heart interest. The princess refused to become a Catholic to please any King, but royal pressure is a tremendous force. The marriage will take place in the early summer, and the ultra-conventional court of Madrid may expect a lot of excitement from a charmingly-unconventional bride.

WHILE the death of Dr. Harper was a serious loss to the University of Chicago, that great institution is to be congratulated on having in one of its own faculty a man amply capable of taking supreme charge of its affairs. The appointment of Dr. Judson as the new president of the university was a proper recognition of an educator of proved ability and wide and honorable reputation, who will undoubtedly make a most excellent executive.

versity of Minnesota, professor of politics and diplomacy and dean of the faculties of arts, literature, and science in the University of Chicago. Dr. Judson has received six calls to the presidency of colleges and universities. He has written a number of valuable books, and on account of these has been decorated by Emperor William of Germany, and commended by the President of Switzerland. He is a member of various learned societies. He comes of the family of Judsons noted as being among the founders of the Baptist Church in

A BRAHMA LINCOLN long since passed away from earth, but he is being made a living reality to hosts of people to-day by his "double," Benjamin Chapin, who assumes the title rôle in the character-drama, "Lincoln." This play is a development of an



ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

impersonation of Lincoln that Mr. Chapin has been presenting for several years. He has devoted fourteen years to a continuous study of Lincoln, his mannerisms, habits, traits of character, and career. His make-up is said to be a marvelous presentation of the great emancipator. The play gives Mr. Chapin an opportunity to show the man, but also tells an absorbing story. Our photograph is a very realistic representa-

SEÑOR FELIPE PARDÓ Y BARREDA, the newly appointed minister from Peru to the United States, who lately arrived in this country with his bride, is a brother to Dr. José Pardo, President of Peru, and was himself Minister of War during the revolution of Don Porfirio Díaz four years ago, and is the oldest son of the late Don Manuel Pardo, a former President of Peru. He was graduated from the University of San Marco, Lima. Shortly after he took an active part in the Perú-Chile war, and after peace was made he became a lawyer, studying the large sugar estates belonging to the Pardo family, and also organized the Bolivian alcohol syndicate. Señor Pardo has traveled extensively for the purpose of studying modern methods in all activities. He speaks English and several other languages fluently, and is a lover of books and literature. Señora Teresa Barreda de Pardo, daughter of his uncle, Don Enrique Barreda, a capitalist of Lima, is therefore, his first cousin. About eighteen years of age, Señora Pardo is a great beauty and a social favorite. The marriage



SEÑOR FELIPE PARDO,

THE FRIENDS and admirers of Henry S. Pritchett have shown deep regret because he chose to give up an active career.



DR. HENRY S. FRITCHETT,
The new director of the Carnegie Teach-
ers' pension fund.—Carnegie.

was the head of a school of engineering at his college, Dr. Pritchett was superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey when he was called to Technology, in 1900, to succeed Dr. Walker, one of the greatest educators of the century. It was a tremendous test of ability, and that Dr. Pritchett succeeded in filling his predecessor's shoes is evidence of the talents, thorough knowledge, and energy of the man. Since the opening of his Horace Darwin and the Institute of Technology, he has been Harvard's and the Institute's most popular teacher. His name was widely favored as the successor of President Eliot when he should decide to lay down his burden. Dr. Pritchett is a distinguished astronomer. A recent report has it that Mr. Carnegie will add \$5,000,000 to

A RARE AND notable instance of religious tolerance and breadth of view, combined with a philanthropic spirit, was evidenced in the will of William M. Gould, who died in New York recently. Mr. Gould's entire estate, a very large one, was bequeathed to four institutions in equal parts, as follows: The Gould Memorial Home at New Haven, the Congregational Society, the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Roman Catholic Church, all of Stamford, Conn. She was Mrs. Gould's, birthright and third heaven.

THE EDITORSHIP of a leading daily in the British metropolis is a position to which few of even



RALPH D. BLUMENFELD,
The only American who has become a
leading actor in London.

and having been a contributor to the columns of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. When the Boer War broke out Mr. Blumenfeld, who had filled other important positions there, was the news editor of the *London Daily Mail*, and the splendid manner in which he secured and handled news stories from the paper attracted the attention of all newspaper proprietors in England. In 1892 Mr. Blumenfeld was induced to accept the post of night editor of the *Express*, which was then feeling the effects of keen competition, and he astonished his contemporaries by putting American gingers into the news columns. This made the *Express* one of the most popular papers in the town, and resulted in Mr. Blumenfeld's receiving a good salary. He is considered the most enterprising and progressive of all the London editors, and he will doubtless gain new laurels as the years go by.

TO HIS many other distinctions President Roosevelt has recently added that of being the champion hand-shaker of the United States, and probably of the world. At the New Year's reception of 1906 in the White House the President, in three hours and forty-four minutes, shook hands with 9,052 persons, or at the rate of forty per minute. This surpasses even the high record he made last year, and, as practice makes perfect, he will doubtless do still better on January



FAMOUS \$24,000,000 STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY, N. Y., THE MOST COSTLY BUILDING IN AMERICA, IN WHICH SIGNS OF A COLLAPSE HAVE APPEARED.

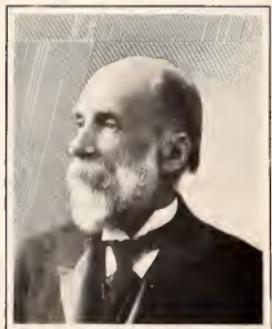
NEW YORK'S \$24,000,000 CAPITOL IN DANGER OF A COLLAPSE.

AMERICA'S FINEST EDIFICE, IN ONE PART OF WHICH PILLARS ARE CRUMBLING AND A GRAND STAIRWAY HAS BEEN WEAKENED BY THE SAGGING OF THE BUILDING.

General "Joe" Wheeler,

THE HERO OF A THOUSAND FIGHTS.

FEW PERSONS have risen to such heights of popularity as the late Brigadier-General Joseph Wheeler, and few there were more widely known, north, east, south, and west. For a man that was not a politician he probably knew more persons than any one in our land, and his cronies were far and few. If "Fighting Joe" had been the son of a warring family, and had utilized his talents, he would have made a first-class diplomat. His diplomacy—otherwise tact—consideration, and smooth persistency, veiled by a courteous and gracious manner, were qualities seldom combined in one man.



GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, U. S. A., WHOSE RECENT DEATH THE WHOLE NATION LAMENTED.—*Purdy.*

It was this complete excellence that made him a host of friends.

The intimate and popular appellation, "Fighting Joe," was and was not distinctive. His passion was the military, and he was eager to get where the excitement and danger were of the highest, but a more mild-mannered and honest man never lived. There was absolutely nothing of the soldier in him. His love of war was more for the scientific game of wits than for the killing of enemies. He was a small, frail man, but seldom had a quiet minute in waking hours. From June to September, 1898, General Wheeler was the liveliest man in the Cuban campaign. Once given in to the heat and fevers, but this 110-pound featherweight, sixty-two years old, was always ready for duty. In command of the cavalry division, his was one of the most onerous tasks. The campaign ended and the Mexican War followed, but the difficulty Alabama had looked about for more excitement. He joined French and McKinley for a detail in the Philippines, and got it. He jumped into twelve engagements in ten days there, certainly enough to tire out a college athlete.

General Wheeler was of high-class English stock settling in Alabama in 1715. He was born on January 10th, 1836. He was educated in Massachusetts, and from there went to West Point, being graduated in 1859. He saw a year the plains in fighting Indians, and was one of the first to volunteer for the Confederacy. As colonel of the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry he won his fighting title at the battle of Shiloh. In

four years he took part in 800 skirmishes and commanded in 200 battles. At the age of twenty-eight he was a brigadier-general and cavalry officer in the Confederate army. After the war was in half a dozen Congresses, but never took to the life of a politician. He was made a brigadier-general in the regular army in 1902 and retired. His recent death at the age of nearly seventy was brought about by pneumonia in the midst of social activity and literary work.

The Passing of a Great Monarch.

NO PERSON in all Europe did so much to preserve the traditions and institutions of the old Christian IX, King Denmark, whose sudden death occurred recently. Called the father of royalty, his position was peculiarly powerful. Had he been an intriguer or a busybody Europe would have been buffeted in many times in the last generation. But peace at any cost was Christian's policy, and his influence was more potent than policy, or expedient, or diplomacy. He stood between reigning houses, where his family connections were equally important, and argued against war and insisted on peace.

There was no more democratic ruler in the world than Christian IX, and he had all the simplicity of a burgher and with not as much danger. No sovereign was more beloved, and in spite of the fact that he had opposed constitutional government demanded by his people for twenty years. He was the father of his people as well as of royalty. Born on April 5th, 1818, he became king on October 1st, 1863. His wife was called the brightest diplomat in Europe. Together they landed five of six children on thrones. The family census also shows thirty-two granddaughters and thirty-one great-grandchildren. Of the sons and daughters Christian Frederick is now King of Denmark; Alexandra is Queen of England; Dagmar is the Dowager Empress of Russia; William is King of Greece; Thyra is the Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince Valdemar married Princess Marie of Orleans. One of the grandsons is the Czar of Russia, another is the King of Norway, and he is high commissioner of Crete. A fourth is the Prince of Wales. Christian set himself against the war with Japan, but for once he found intruders stronger than he. The new King is sixty-two years old and almost as popular as his father.

The Use of Dogs in War.

THE USE of dogs in the Japanese-Russian War, which attracted much attention, was really nothing new. Far back in the antiquities dogs were employed in military service, and in the Trojan War.

The alertness of the animal's senses, his affection for his master, his docility and intelligence, made him valuable three centuries ago in both defense and attack.

In the Dark Ages dogs were often posted in towers to warn the citizens of the enemy's approach, and were even placed in arms to guard many castles. They were frequently used to defend convoys and baggage, and to bring confusion in the ranks of the enemy's cavalry. Even fires were placed on the dogs' bodies to drive the enemy's horses.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries several military Powers had enormous packs of dogs, and it was not uncommon for the animals to meet in skirmishes and between themselves fight out big battles. Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, used dogs as scouts, and in the Crimean War they were turned out to scent ambuscades.

More recently the Germans have been interested and experimenting with dogs, while Italy, Russia, and France have also taken them up. Of the European Powers, only England has left dogs entirely out of consideration in military affairs.

Although changes in warfare have greatly lessened



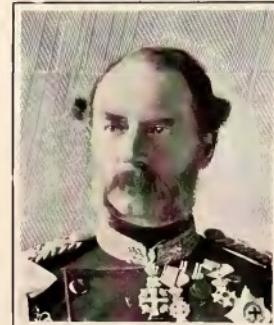
MAGNIFICENT EASTERN STAIRWAY IN THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY, LATELY CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC BECAUSE OF INDICATIONS OF STRUCTURAL WEAKNESS.

AMERICA'S FINEST EDIFICE, IN ONE PART OF WHICH PILLARS ARE CRUMBLING AND A GRAND STAIRWAY HAS BEEN WEAKENED BY THE SAGGING OF THE BUILDING.

THE HERO OF A THOUSAND FIGHTS.

AMERICA'S FINEST EDIFICE, IN ONE PART OF WHICH PILLARS ARE CRUMBLING AND A GRAND STAIRWAY HAS BEEN WEAKENED BY THE SAGGING OF THE BUILDING.

the opportunity for employing dogs, they still may be used to advantage in many ways in military operations. In modern warfare, the night attack is likely to be taking a foremost place, and here especially the dog can play an important part, for he can detect an approaching party and prevent a complete surprise. In foggy weather or in thickets, well-trained dogs can be used where signalmen cannot be employed, and also the use of telephones has merely removed the animal out of this branch of warfare. Dogs as an auxiliary to ambulances are a great aid in locating wounded soldiers. In the Franco-German War the dog played an important part in this work of saving the wounded from dying alone, out of reach of medical assistance.



KING CHRISTIAN IX OF DENMARK, WHOSE SUDDEN DEATH PLUNGED HALF THE COURTS OF EUROPE IN HESITATION.

In marches the dog can be used effectively as a scout for the body of troops to which he is attached, and might often prevent a detachment from being ambushed. The animal has also been used to transport ammunition and to carry relief to the wounded, while in many other ways his warrior master has made use of the dog's keen sense and docility.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Take it during convalescence following La Grippe, Pneumonia, Influenza, or weakness following fevers.

Desserts

are easily and quickly prepared when Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is used. Always have a supply on hand and be ready for the unexpected guest. Send for Recipe Book, 105 Hudson Street, New York.

"She Sits Forever in the Sun."

THERE WAS sunshine part of each of three hundred and fifty-seven (357) days last year at Colorado Springs; the New York Central Lines ticket you via Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis to Colorado, Utah, California, and the Pacific Coast.—Adv.



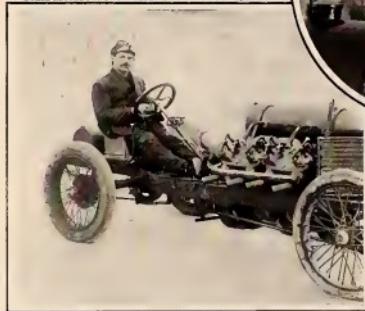
FRED MARRETT IN THE ODD-SHAPED 50-HORSE-POWER STANLEY STEAMER, MAKING A MILE IN 28 1/5 SECONDS, A NEW WORLD RECORD—MARRIOTT ALSO MADE THE NEW FIVE-MILE RECORD OF 2:47, AND WON SEVERAL RACES.—Copyrighted by T. K. Hastings



VICTOR DEMOGEOT (AT RIGHT), THE "SPEED KING," WITH HEMERY, IN THE 200-H.P. DARRACQ, IN WHICH HE MADE THE WORLD RECORD FOR TWO MILES OF 50 4 5 SECONDS.—Spencer.



E. B. STEVENS, WHO BORE OFF THE HONORS IN THE TEN-MILE COUNTRYMAN CHAMPIONSHIP IN AN 80-HORSE-POWER DARRACQ CAR.—Spencer.



CLIFFORD EARL, IN THE 100-HORSE-POWER GASOLINE MACHINE IN WHICH, IN SPITE OF THIS HORSEPOWER, HE MADE THE WIN THE 100-MILE RACE, MAKING A NEW RECORD.—Spencer.



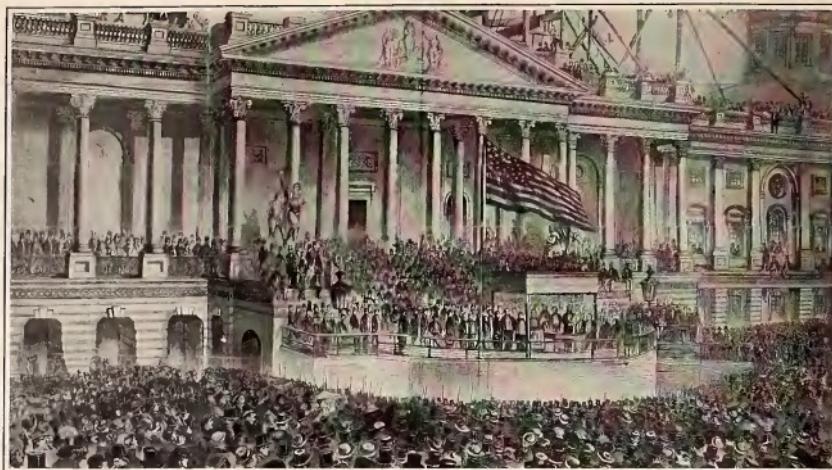
GUY VAUGHN, WINNER OF THE TEN-MILE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP, IN HIS 20-50-HORSE-POWER GASOLINE CAR.—Spencer.



LANCIA, IN A 110-HORSE-POWER FIAT, SPEEDING TO VICTORY IN THE FIVE-MILE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.—Hastings

WORLD RECORDS BROKEN AT A GREAT AUTOMOBILE MEET.

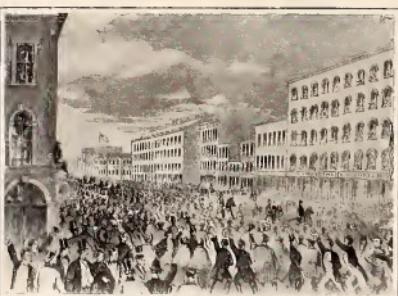
WINNERS OF THE LEADING EVENTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL RACES ON THE ORMOND-DAYTONA COURSE, FLORIDA, WHERE THE FASTEST TIME EVER MADE IN A VEHICLE WAS ACHIEVED.



LINCOLN READING HIS FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS ON THE CAPITOL STEPS.



ALL CLEVELAND TURNED OUT TO REAR THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.



ARRIVAL OF LINCOLN IN BUFFALO, IN FEBRUARY, 1861.



HOW NEW YORK WELCOMED LINCOLN ON HIS WAY TO THE INAUGURATION.

HUGE CROWDS GREETING LINCOLN AFTER HIS FIRST ELECTION.
STRIKING PICTURES OF THE ENORMOUS GATHERINGS IN HONOR OF THE FIRST REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT, IN THE
SPRING OF 1861.—Reproduced from the old files of *Leslie's Weekly*, and copyrighted.



SECOND INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT, AT THE CAPITOL.



MAYOR WOOD, OF NEW YORK, RECEIVING THE PRESIDENT IN CITY HALL.



HONORABLE CABINET COUNCIL—EVACUATION OF FORT SUMTER UNDER DISCUSSION.



THE DYING MOMENTS OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

NOTABLE SCENES IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S OFFICIAL LIFE.

HIS SECOND INAUGURATION, RECEIVED BY NEW YORK'S MAYOR, DISCUSSING FORT SUMTER WITH HIS CABINET, AND BREATHING HIS LAST, THE VICTIM OF AN ASSASSIN.—Reproduced from the old files of *Leslie's Weekly*, and copyrighted.

The Passing of the Church Spire

By L. O. Thayer



ship is coming to an end; the passing of the "finger points to the hand" is here.

In the last few years church architecture has undergone some remarkable changes—sparking of the United States only. The trend of the times is commercial, therefore practical. Utility is the keynote that is struck in nearly all of our edifices, and the present best room in business tools and appliances must be conveniently at hand. The house of worship has become the house of service. There is no place for expensive ornaments which cannot be utilized to the end in view.

The meaning of the church spire is not so much on account of the cost, although it is true that this is a prime factor, but an costly adjunct it brings in not a soul more. There are persons—and in the city a considerable minority of their congregations—who go to church to listen to the services, but who do not care to pay the price of admission. They are the ones who prevent the flock to fashionable churches to cast costly stained glass windows. The churches do not quibble at expense if they get results. A church is not different from a business house in its practical aims. The people must be attracted whatever the cost, but spire do not move the soul.

In the old days the towering spires of the ancient cathedrals in Europe were worshiped by zealots as they approached the church; the same condition may prevail abroad now, but not here. This line of argument may lead us to the conclusion that there is nothing to be gained by the erection of a spire. "There should be an explanation at this point for fear the ministers may rise up and combat the idea. In these days of the institutional church city pastors have discovered that the old-fashioned New England spirit of worship among the people is almost dead and buried. The influx of foreigners and the carelessness of living in the cities are the chief contributing causes. So, with no compelling interest in the church on the part of those whose souls are sought, the religious program has undergone a radical change. The people must be brought into the church by force, not by the power of attraction. The church to-day, then, does not stand in the same relationship to the temple of yesterday as it does to a huge spiritual workshop. True, the sanctuary is still preserved, but the busy portion of the edifice has dropped to the basement or siddled out to the vestry.

In the old days, when the church was chiefly regarded as a place in which to worship on Sunday, the spire was a perfect symbol of the character of the building. It was a sign of man's house and had, and, perhaps, a clock. Now, how changed? The rapid commercial progress of the era has shown no sentiment regular for homes, churches, or anything else. The history of the church in New York City, the old inhabitant has seen the residences in lower Manhattan pushed back before the relentless and huge-welling tide of the sky-scraper. Everything that stood in its way was ingulfed. Only a small portion of the churches there remain on Broadway, and these are the Old St. Paul's, the New St. Paul's, Trinity and St. Paul's are hedged in and almost suffocated by the contemptuous and irreverent office-buildings. That Gothic gem, Grace Church, resembles a jewel in a massively ugly setting. Only a dramatic move saved it from destruction by a sky-scraper.

The land on the site was to be used for business purposes, and the corporation had to pay \$400,000 for the right to air, light, and the preserving of the edifice's architectural effectiveness. The Broadway Tabernacle, now at Broadway and Fifty-fifth Street, has been built from the ground up to meet the needs of commerce, and in self-defense put up a combination church and sky-scraper office-building for its own use. When the huge Metropolitan Life building was built around the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, the Gothic spire of which does not reach to the top story, the congregation of the church was compelled to give up, was doomed. Soo—an offer was accepted for the church site and the debate waxed warm over removing up town or fighting the battle out in that vicinity. The conservative members won and the new church occurs in the upper reaches of the city. The new church is architecturally fine; but such a difference as the Gothic has given way to the early Greek. It might be a library, a museum, or bank, as far as the strangel could see; yet this church is a good type of the times. There is dignity in the columns and facade, but how unchurchly, measured by previous customs! Dr. Parkhurst said, when asked by the writer:

"Yes; I shall give up my Gothic spire with regret; it holds a warm place in my heart. I have no artistic sense of my own, but I agree with me, but our artistic feelings had to be submerged for the sake of expediency. We could not have a spire with office buildings towering above it; it would be meaningless, and we had to utilize our site to the best of our ability. I love the old Gothic cathedrals in Europe, and France, and we have succeeded in art and gained in convenience. The style is early Christian, with a modified Byzantine treatment in the interior. The Gothic, of course, is medieval and associated with the Roman Catholic Church; was developed under the Benedictine influence, and only taken up in recent times by French cathedrals."

A digression may be permitted here in view of Dr. Parkhurst's remarks. It is well known in religious circles that the status of the spire is one of the liveliest topics of the day. The present is not the first time it has been a "hot" question. Bishop Ashbury was a bitter enemy of the spire, and fought it tooth and nail. It is related that on one of his tours of New England he came to a new edifice on which was a small bellry holding a bell. He lifted it with a bell; next I know you'll be having a Catholic spire." He lived to see the gradual adoption of the spire—the New England name—but the Methodists fought the spire for years. Some families—not necessarily Methodists—were well known for their opposition to the spire, and, in the actual burning of "the Catholic spire." The Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church is the oldest edifice of the denomination in New York City. It was built before the spire came in.

The Baptists of late seem to have taken the most united move to get away from the spire and all that it means, but they are going to the other extreme. Many of their new churches look like public buildings, and some of them, Calvary, mentionable, are built while doing away with spires, have compensated in many instances on a tower. The Norman and English Gothic, or "perpendicular Gothic," has come into high favor in city churches. This style is at once dignified and full of strength, and of its own impressiveness. One of the newest and best churches of this style is the North Presbyterian, located on West One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street. It has a short, square tower, carrying a clock and bell. Another new Presbyterian church, Northminster, above Central Park, is utterly devoid of spire, tower, or sky-line adornment. One of the most interesting features of this church is the organ loft, that of the Harlem Presbyterian. It is strictly Oriental at every point, startlingly Byzantine from its front elevation, four stories high, to the gilded dome and color effects. The necessity for institutionalism is no law except available room. One church in Pittsburg, recently completed, has fifty-two rooms in the edifice. The cost of the spire has gone into the interior.

In the busy, serviceable church the auditorium does not overshadow the rest of the interior. In fact, the most head-and-shoulder part of the building, the minister or adjoining parish house is the centre of attraction. Here will be found a fully-equipped gymnasium, with baths, classes in sewing, cooking, military, stenography, book-keeping, carpentry, and what not? The money the spire would cost has been expended in effort to make the church as well as the spiritual man. Christ Presbyterian in this city is a notable example of the business church.

This sort of town-churches are necessary and have a great task to perform, in the sections now given over to business, trade, and the like. These churches have been forced to adopt all sorts of methods to attract the people. They have become institutional churches. To such, a spire is a useless appendage, not to say costly.

The two beautiful spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, this city, are gone of the architect's art, but the cost easily aggregated \$15,000. From the rapid advance of business up Fifth Avenue, these spires bid fair to be eclipsed by sky-scrapers in a few years. The Anglican Cathedral of St. John is set on a hill and cannot "bid." It is surrounded by sorts of spires and towers. The next generation will witness a massive but ugly church in full completion on its eminence at Cathedral Height. It will be safe from the encroachments of commerce.

The Gothic spire, however, held its own. There is a real landmark, for it may carry the only weather vane in the place, the only bell and clock. But even now the spire is being cut down to the square tower, which answers all purposes and saves space.

To one who loves the Gothic and its peculiar life and individuality, the prospect of its disappearance will be regrettable. It held the most important place,

features to run the churches of the country for several years, or to Christianize an empire, its passing will be noted with deep regret on the part of hundreds of thousands of church members. In these days of insolent a nd unsympathetic money-getting, when everything must bend to the end of making every cent count, the spire stands as always, as God's finger, pointing the way to truth and life.

Wonderful Power of the Jews.

RECENT EVENTS are giving the Jews an especial prominence. The celebrations in New York and other cities of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of their first colony in the territory of America have been held with great enthusiasm to them all over the country. Russia's massacres of the Jews have excited the world's sympathy for them and aroused the world's indignation against their barbarous oppressors. This public opinion is bound to make itself felt in St. Petersburg, even if the ignorant fail to make the protest to Russia which Gentiles and Jews alike are appealing to them to present.

Meanwhile, the Jews themselves in the United States have been working in a practical way to remove the necessities of their suffering co-religionists. More than a thousand Jewish families in this country to meet the immediate wants of the persecuted sect, and arrangements are being made to hasten emigration from Russia. Most of it will come to the United States, where the real Zion of that race is to be found. The United States is now third of the countries of the world in the number of Jewish inhabitants, Russia and Austria-Hungary also leading us. As both those countries are losing and we are gaining, we will, before many more years pass, be the first in Jewish population.

The Jewish bankers and financiers of the Jews are one of the marvels of the modern age. Persecuted almost everywhere, except in England and the United States, they still keep up their identity all over the world and increase in numbers. Without a government of any sort, and without a single person to speak for them, they have won a place in the world, wield a powerful influence in nearly every government. Even Russia, through the Czar and Premier Witte, is obliged to defer to the views of the Jewish bankers and merchants, though the dislocation of society of that country, the Jewish bankers and the people are enabled sporadically to increase their influence and power. The fact that, in the face of all this oppression and outrage, the Jews of the world are gaining in number and power is a striking tribute to their courage, balance, and persistence.

Mining Dividends of 1905

DO MINING investments pay? This is a question often asked by the uninformed, or by men too closely interested in their affairs to be interested in matters of general interest.

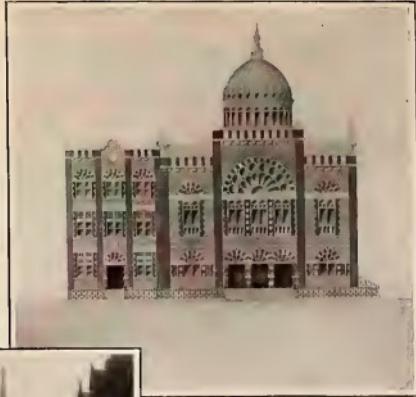
The dividends declared and paid by metal-mining companies in the United States in 1905 amounted to the large total of \$65,772,047. Since their incorporation these same companies have declared dividends of \$10,352, which is equivalent to a return of thirty per cent. on an issued capitalization of \$76,000,455. Were it possible to collect data concerning the profits divided by private and close corporations, which are understood to have been very large, the total for the year would be nearly double.

The mining companies in the United States had, twelve thousand companies having paid dividends of \$32,763,651 in 1905, and the same companies have paid \$276,849,230 since incorporation, which is equivalent to a return of more than eighty per cent. on their issued capital of \$342,427,000. Gold, silver, and lead have declared a nine per cent. position, nine per cent. having declared in 1905, dividends of \$30,497,231, making \$16,34,987 a three organization, which is equivalent to forty-one and five-tenths per cent. on an issued share capital of \$40,774,652.

Is it not a case doubt the great profits accruing in mining when such figures are presented to them? A good, bona-fide mining proposition pays better than any other investment that can be made. The Morgan Gold and Copper Company offers one of the best investments on the market today. It is presented shortly. Its president, Mr. George S. Morgan, has said about it by the mining men who have investigated the property and given their opinions. More information can be had regarding this investment by addressing Thomas J. Curran, president, 230 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WHICH REMAINS A GOTHIC CEM IN
BUSY, NOISY BROADWAY.



A BEAVER BYZANTINE EFFECT SEEN IN THE NEW HARLEM
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



BEDFORD STREET M. E. CHURCH, WHICH ANTIDATED THE SPIRE
CONTROVERSY IN THAT DENOMINATION.



GRAND OLD TRINITY, A PROTESTING GOTHIC WIT
NESS TO FRENCHED WALL STREET DOINGS.



BROADWAY TABERNACLE, A UNIQUE TYPE OF THE MODERN
CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.



CHRIST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WHICH HAS NO SPIRE, BUT DOES A GREAT WORK.



STARTLING CONTRAST BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW ARCHITECTURE—DR. PARKHURST'S CHURCHES.

THE REIGN OF THE CHURCH SPIRE COMING TO AN END.

NEW YORK'S NEW HOUSES OF WORSHIP ELIMINATING THE GOTHIC STEEPLE, AND THE VIVID CONTRAST BETWEEN OLD
AND NEW WHICH HAS AROUSED WIDE DISCUSSION.—*Photographs by A. E. Durr.*

THE NEW LORDS OF LIFE INSURANCE

By Gilson Willets

HOW RESTORE public confidence? That was the question in the insurance world, where contracts with millions of policy-holders called for eventual payment of billions of dollars. Fully half the compensation amounts were then in dispute. Boston, Miami, and New York Life. But it was these very three companies that had done most to sacrifice public confidence. Why? Because the Big Three were not individually as sound financially as the government itself? No. Simply because officers of the Big Three were guilty of certain acts that had aroused public condemnation and had kept investors from buying their stocks, which step could be taken to restore the unshakable confidence that of retiring the untrustworthy heads and replacing them with men in whom the public had full trust?

So the present year opened with more changes in the insurance world than in any other branch of American finance. Told a year ago that Alexander and McCall and McCurdy would be deposed as monarchs of insurance, we would not have believed. Yet to-day Alexander and McCall and McCurdy are behind Paul Morton as president of the Equitable, Charles A. Peabody as president of the Mutual, and Alexander E. Orr as president of the New York Life.

And a fourth there is Timothy L. Woodruff as president of the Providence Savings Life. Think no lightly of this third new life insurance company for Lieutenant-Governor. His company, you say, is comparatively small. Last year the Providence paid to policy-holders \$2,000,000 against \$4,000,000 by the Mutual, \$36,000,000 by the Equitable and \$10,000,000 by the New England. But it is the same insurance. Woodruff looks large on the horizon of the life-insurance planet. Woodruff is, above all, a public man. Woodruff knows Albany and the Legislature there. Also, he knows the wheel in the mechanics of legislation and the engineering knowledge of engine. So Woodruff is a power at Albany. He has political influence; and insurance men know that, despite the comparative smallness of his company, Woodruff is one of the most powerful factors in the insurance business.

What is the present situation in the field of insurance companies? The Armstrong report will be put in; following that, many insurance bills will be introduced. Will any such bill be passed before it has had Woodruff's scrutiny? Morton, Peabody, Orr and Company are asking that question in their hearts. They are the big companies that know they will look to the head of the little company to advise them as to what shall be done to meet emergencies in a legislative way. That's why Timothy Woodruff is included in this story.

Who are these new insurance lords? Here are a few facts placed in a light comparative. All are self-made in the sense of achieving success that had naught of golden spoons. Orron started at sixteen as office-boy at \$5 a week; Orr, as an immigrant Irish lad of

Twenty, began as clerking in New Haven; Woodruff at twenty-three clerked for a salt company; Peabody entered his father's law office, at the bottom. Morton had choice of college or work; he chose work. Peabody is a Columbia University man; Woodruff went to Yale. Orr got a little Gauley schoolin' in County Tyrone. Morton, a grandfather at forty-nine, was thirty-three years a railroad man. Woodruff—youngest of the four new insurance lords—was nearly twenty years a business man and politician. Peabody, aged fifty-six, was thirty years a real-estate lawyer. Orr, five years beyond him, Biblical scholar was for half a century a teacher in the public schools.

All four are American born except the Irish-American Orr. Morton, born in Detroit, became a West-

corner in temperament, and his only real home is still in Nebraska. Woodruff, born in New Haven, became a Brooklynite along with Orr. Peabody has always been Knickerbocker. All are Republicans provided the independent Orr, who champions men, not parties, can be classified politically. All have been at least once active in politics, with Woodruff as born delegate to national and State conventions, park commissioner of Brooklyn, and Lieutenant-Governor. Peabody was

bored to death during one term in the New York Legislature, thirty years ago. Morton's short-lived political office was the headship of the government's shipaboy department. Orr has been nine years president of the Rapid Transit Commission of New York.

is Peabody, who dates type set in his name, who loves to sit alone, who never lets anyone call him, can listen. Or he has been picked up and down, but always a soldier of the common good. Woodruff is the lone man of the four who, with pleasure, has seen himself well-written almost daily for a decade. Yellow journalism likes Woodruff. He's the political hero out of fiction. He's spectacular. His variegated vests, his everlasting youth, his perennial smile, his rotund figure, his mastery in bringing health to all kinds of sick businesses—all these have made publicity for Woodruff.

ruff without the help of a press-agent. Only, stories of Woodruff have now become dignified—for this new president of the Provident is a serious proposition.

Peebody is a recluse ; Woodruff, half-fellow-wolf. Mort is a conservator of the old school : Morton a liberal of the Order of 1906. All are human dynamics. The watchword of each is "success." The way to success is different. Woodruff says, "There's a way to go and it goes ahead." Orr : "We cannot win anything; we must earn everything by working." Morton : "Do then do more; then do still more." Peebody, college bred, became a millionaire. Orr, his alumnus, started a publishing office. Woodruff, when he got his A.M. from Yale, was well-to-do, and has since been rich. Morton, his alumnus, a railroad, is not a millionaire, but he got rich enough to afford a Secretary-of-Navyship, \$5,000 a year. He chucked that job, however, for \$80,000 a year as head of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Woodruff, his alumnus, and Peebody, each with a salary of \$50,000, earn each \$166 per day. Besides salary, Woodruff's stipend is a mere widow's mite.

What is it then men do to earn the pay of from forty to eighty ordinary clerks? What is a president of an insurance company? What must he be? He must be a foreman of men. He must dominate the whole. He must be a master of men. He must get the maximum of work out of hundreds, yes, thousands, of others. He must show results. Each must rehabilitate his company. Each must prove to the public that his company is rehabilitated. Each must do without extravagance or false economy, but save, waste, etc., from the "Book of the Past."

Now for more facts from the book of the *Fair* of each of the four. The book is now a censor. First, Morton, the Equitable. Does he remember the great Burlington strike? It was then that Morton first learned the power of the press, from personal experience. During that strike he was the man reporters went to. He was spokesman for the C. B. and Q. And ever since, reporters have said of Morton: "He's one of the few public men who can talk day after day and never lie, never equivocate, never make a break."

Morton, the lad, addressed envelopes for the C. B. and Q., thus supporting himself—all but five dollars a month, which he borrowed from his father to enable him to buy meals that would not ruin his health. On his twenty-first birthday the railroad gave him a present of \$500. At the end of another year, when he was twenty-five, he was the road's general passenger agent. Then he went to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company as its vice-president. Next, behind him as vice-president of the Atchison trail road—its chief getter-up—was W. H. Morton who had made Atchison in his own image, and had reared the seventh day, Roosevelt, who adopted him as a member of his official family. You know the rest.

Morton the self-reliant sort made out West; keen observer, hater of pettiness. This is his philosophy of life: "So live that you can at any time look any man in the eyes and tell him to go to the devil." And he is deeply emotional. His love for his father is the kind that passeth understanding, though the father is beyond. That father was J. Sterling Morton, farmer, and Secretary of Agriculture under Cleveland. Paul Morton's home in Nebraska he loves for his father's sake, for there, in pioneer days, "father" planted the trees that now make "Arbor-

Second, Peabody, of the Mutual. At his desk at the Mutual office exactly at nine. Starts for luncheon precisely at one. On the minute of five leaves for his Madison Avenue home. As the clock strikes eight, at the hour of his return, he is in his office again. Peabody, as a member of the law firm of Baker and Peabody, at 2 Wall Street. When he came to the Mutual the autobiography he gave to the newspapermen was characteristic of this modest, serious, unemotional man, this indefatigable manager of millions. Said Peabody about "I'm a lawyer. There is nothing exciting about my professional career. The

Mr. Peabody, early in his career, made a specialty of real-estate law. For years he has been a recognized authority in this field. He has long been connected with the estate of the late Mrs. William Wadsworth Astor and of the Beekman Fish estate. Without being in any sense a "clubbable" man, he is a member of many clubs. He never spins yards; seldom reads newspapers. The simple life, and a straightforward one, marks his path. In his day he captained the Columbia baseball team, and still takes active part in most sports. All this, however, with the exception of which is taken life in general. He never makes a show nor noise. Hence, he's a new type of insurance executive.

Third, that other of the two millionaires among the four new insurance presidents, Orr, of the New York Life. Mr. Orr is one of the seventy-six men comprising our financial oligarchy, or "business senate." This by virtue of his many activities in financial and public life. Now, at seventy-five, the fitting laurels of half a century of high achievement were bestowed upon him.

him in his election as president of one of the greatest financial institutions in the world. His coronation speech, as we may call it, included the statement that the mistakes of his predecessor were "those of head rather than heart."

Few would take this man of firm step and alert manner to be an "old man." Even young men would drop some of their other interests before shouldering his new responsibilities as president of the New York Central. Mr. Orr, too, has the most singular record of resignations, coming rapidly from the Rapid Transit Commission "that built the subway." As president of that commission for nine years, Orr has been a kind of rapid-transit dictator, ever watchful and careful of the greatest public interest. He has seen many a fair man enter with nest, almost of youth, upon his new duties as president of the New York Life shows that in business activity he still finds his greatest enjoyment. He has been president of the Chamber of Commerce and many times president of the insurance exchanges.

Mr. Orr's parents wanted him to follow the sea for a living, and that end entered him at the college of the East India Company, in England. But never sooner had he passed his entrance examination than he met with a sudden accident, and was thrown overboard, made blind, and lost his right arm. That was in 1851, and he stayed here, entering the shipping house of David Dow & Co. He has twice married, his first wife being the daughter of the founder of the firm which became partner. As master of that firm, Orr was one who had the latest training in the days of his American life, he has lived,

Fourth, that other Brooklynite, Woodruff, of the Provident Savings. When called to the headship of the Provident, Woodruff had just finished the job of making the State fair grounds at Syracuse a monument to his skill and business management. All he had put the State Agricultural Society on its feet. And forthwith he was made a member of the State Grange. To show his faith in his ability to make the fair grounds the success they had not been for years, he, personally, needed, payment of all debts.

He began his business career when a student at the Eastman Business College at Poughkeepsie—he married Cora Eastman, daughter of the founder of the college. Woodruff then clerked in various companies, waking up at 4 A.M. to find himself in New York City for first-class concern. Later he became president of a company owning a patent malt preparation. What ever he touched became a golden and jeweled success.

Then—politics. Here, too, his success was such that people began to own a piece of him. In 1912 he became a legislative trustee in the campaign when he became Lieutenant-Governor of New York with Roosevelt. He was re-elected with Roosevelt. Meantime, in their Brooklyn home, Mrs. Woodruff gave a series of

People accused Woodruff of being young. He replied, "I am not young; I am a boy."

piled: "Look at my grown-up son." Accused him of being a "dude." He replied: "Look at John." Looked up with small stature. He replied: "Look at Senator Roosevelt." I'm not a boyish boyish. He replied: "Look at Roosevelt. I bring three months his senior." Woodruff had a ready tongue, and skillful. He had education and wealth and health—ten thousand ambitions. He headed a bicycle parade in Brooklyn, and took first prize for his "Good Health" poster. He was a good roadster. He could tool a four-in-hand. He let loose Brooklyn cattlemen. He joined Shrines and the Temple drama, and was a Son of the Revolution. Above all, he had grit and splendid gumption in business, and he went aloft on square deals. So Tiny Tim "became" a millionaire. He has a house in Brooklyn, and a sumptuous home set by the fire, he will now give all his time to the Provident, having plenary powers as its president. And now to the Lilliputian of insurance, turned Brobdingnagians in the persons of Penobscot, Merrimac, and Orr, for guidance in their course.

at Albany. These men were chosen for the task of rehabilitating the four companies, first, because of their proved ability as executives in other enterprises. Second, and of not less importance, because of character—because of the kind of men they are. Here are four men with unblemished names—upright and fearless—business men in whose integrity and ability the public, as well as insurance men, has faith implicit.

But now these four new lords of insurance have stepped into place upon which have been concentrated the most powerful fire-lights. Publicly they may stand aloof. Their every act of more or less planning and analysing; their every little mistake—imaginable a thousand-fold; their every word, every plan, criticised by a public that was made skeptical, cynical, unsympathetic by the acts of their predecessors. These four new lords of insurance, then, have a double duty to perform: that of overcoming public prejudice and that of re-convincing the public of—*you know what.*



NEW AND STRONG LEADERS IN THE INSURANCE WORLD.
FOUR EMINENT MEN, POSSESSING THE PUBLIC'S CONFIDENCE, WHO HAVE SUCCEEDED TO THE PRESIDENCY OF
LEADING NEW YORK LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Curious and Notable Things Theatrical in London

By Eleanor Franklin, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS "GARNETT"—PLAYED SO ADMIRABLY IN AMERICA BY MRS. ETHEL BARSTOWE.



WILLIAM GILLETTE AS "DR. CARRINGTON," IN HIS NEW PLAY, "CLARICE," at Haymarket.



NEW AND REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, AS "MILITA" IN "FOR THE CROWN."

LONDON, January 20th, 1906.

LONDON IS a very serious place. Everybody takes such a personal interest in everything. But there are widely divergent views and a splendid assortment of ideas, so one manages to beguile the time by ideas that have been given to him. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's assertion that not a single serious play has been produced in the English language since the time of his own "*Mrs. Dane's Defense*," which American theatre-goers will remember chiefly as the most valuable for the display of her person, that that most admirable actress, Mrs. Margaret Anglin, ever had. Mr. H. C. Carton doesn't agree with Mr. Jones, and writes to the *Standard* his most emphatic views on the subject. Whereupon Mr. Jones waxed also emphatic and puts up \$250 to give to any theatrical charity if Mr. Carton will produce some serious play that has not yet won the \$250 for charity.

The whole discussion came blank upon the obstruction that nobody has yet determined just what "serious drama" really is. If Mr. Jones is right in his contention concerning the lack of any musical comedy, indeed indicated on the public in recent years, theatrical wealth would probably have been richer by \$250.

Mr. Forbes Robertson is playing a piece at the Savoy that is a masterpiece, and, with the help of his dependents, Mr. and Mrs. Madeline Luceet Ryde, its gifted authorship. For one shouldn't write anything about Mr. Robertson now. His health is in a most uncertain condition, and the dragging, halting performance, clear-cut, in no single detail, may be due entirely to his physical condition.

"Mrs. Grundy" consists, to begin with, of a rather ragged assortment of ideas, and, given a ragged performance, its fate is pretty well sealed. A sportive sort of vicar, up-to-date ideas which may mean any number of things, a country parson who has the besetting sin of the people—a decided tolerance of anything that might be called liberal-minded, not to say "human," as that good word is misused nowadays. In this parish is a family with a manageable, tubercular daughter, who is engaged to a man who has made himself with the very robust and attractive "peer-rearless governess" of his fiancée's very young brother. A young woman friend of this family, played by Miss Gertrude Elliott with her usual charm of manner, comes into the plot, and at first the vicar disapproves him in much the new vicar, who straightforwardly proceeds to reciprocate with suppressed fervor—suppressed, because he understands that she is a young married woman, with a husband "out in the bush." The vicar happens upon the girl and the young man, in the middle of the evening, in their plain clothes, in the following evening. He frustrates the plan, as he thinks, by inviting the girl to come to church. She runs away to Edinburgh with the young man, and the parson family and its most intimate friends are very properly seen to be deeply distressed over the situation that exists for their tubercular cousin, as she creeps back, intending to ask pardon and be happy once more. But she goes first to the good-looking vicar and tells him all about it. He talks it over with the, as he supposes, charming young married woman, and eventually the vicar gets the girl to come back, to be governess to his six-year-old son. He is a widower, by the way. Well, of course, he has to end by offer-

ing to marry her, while she ends by discovering that he is in love with the young married woman, her husband "out in the bush." The "vicar" turns out to be creature of this person's own imagination. The end is obvious—too obvious. The wronged girl has another visit from her lover. She spurns him. He goes back to the respectable girl with prospects of an early marriage, and the healthy, good-natured, quiet, simple girl becomes the mother of a nice family in the country. The vicar and his little boy marry the girl, who isn't a young married woman after all, and the curtain falls upon a scene that never should be allowed to take place between a man and his six-year-old son who is about to ake a step.

But Mr. Robertson is not keeping "Mrs. Grundy" on, so it is quite all right. Indeed, he has announced his intention of giving up for a while and treating himself to a complete rest. Let us hope that this is true.

Mr. G. F. Huntley, remembered in America as the funny Englishman in "*Three Little Maids*," has the play of the hour—"Hello, hello, hello, hello!" I remember him saying, in a comically descending scale, over at Daly's, on Broadway. "I don't mind telling you, I'm not a bit surprised." Ha, ha! "*What's the Poppet*," of Ilkleyton, the queer country bumpkin, has led the most innocent life in the world. Or at least we almost believe he has until he makes a "break" or two which quite convince us that he knows a Welsh rarebit from the best, talks about the music of the play "Home" to London, to visit his gay matronized brother, who lives at the "Hotel Blitz." There are others who live at the "Hotel Blitz." Some actresses and things. Freddy Poppet doesn't know an actress when he sees one; but after a few beautiful persons have come and gone offstage, he remembers her voice not to be the free use of a fife and drum. He remarks to his little valet, "Are you sure this is the Hotel Blitz?" and the London audience laugh in毫不置疑。 It is much of this sort of thing that makes Mr. Poppet an assured success, but the London public doesn't seem to like it. London critics are in a dead set, self-deluded old egoist, like most other "publics." The London public thinks it is most righteous. Indeed, it has called Mr. Bernard Shaw—well, names—because Mr. Bernard Shaw has put into the mouths of some of the characters of his newest play, "*Major Barbara*," certain sentences that are referred to the believer in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Bernard Shaw is but delineating character and using all the means in his power to make his delineations true to life. However, Miss Annie Russell comes, for a few more performances, to play the role of a Salvation Army lady to wail, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" when she sees all her ideal hopes and sweet beliefs evaporate in the air of stern modernity as exemplified by cold steel and death-dealing explosives.

I wonder the good British public has not demanded the suppression of the really evil things here. London is a stickler for the "sweet simplicities," or at least claims to be. I remember seeing Miss Edna May in New York in a most sensible dress, which she called "*The Catch of the Season*." I thought it was most insanely uninteresting, but "The Catch of the Season"

has been running in London from time immemorial and shows no signs of waning popularity. It is innocence itself—innocent of everything, even of a glimmer of cleverness or wit; but the London public goes to see it and calls it "lovely singing." Then the London public goes to other plays, as though ignorantly, and applauds to the echo some of the worst vulgarities I have ever heard come over the footlights, and I have been in theatres from Paris to Tokio, from San Francisco to New York. It is not that any of the productions are bad, but the entire atmosphere of all of them is tainted with vulgarity, but in most of the theatres something is sure to be said or done during the performance that sharply offends one's sense of decency. The vaudeville theatres are the worst. One may detail the indecencies in monologue, sketch, and comic dialogue, but I leave that to the comedians.

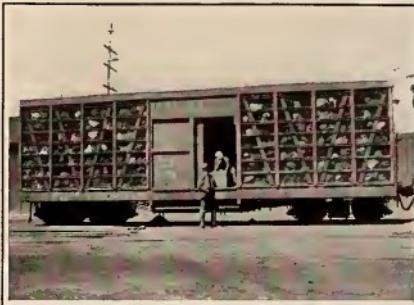
Yet there are enough really good things to take into these houses and repay one for the going. At the Pavilion the other night there was one of the most remarkable performances imaginable. A Mr. Fincham and daughter did a "turn" in a large glass case filled with water. They were both beautiful. Under water, with eyes wide open and mouths moving in inarticulate conversation, they do a number of things that strike one as quite impossible. There are many other things that are good in these places, but they are so intermixed with immodesties that one is astounded to acknowledge having heard or seen them.

Mr. William Gillette has just closed a long engagement in London in "*Sherlock Holmes*," and has returned to America to produce his newest drama called "*Clarice*." Mr. Gillette gave several performances of this play over here, but the critics generally voted a failure. This is easily understood, since the spirit of "*Clarice*" is distinctly American. The scene is laid about a day's ride south from Washington, and is full of the flavor of the Romance South. Mr. Gillette has a most singularly interesting and splendid roguish that have made him unique among the men in his profession. The character is that of a physician who has fallen a victim to tuberculosis, and has had to give up a promising career for a life of physical retirement. He is a man of great personal magnetism, full of tender sentiment. Mr. Gillette portrays so well and with the mark of being both unusual, in story and strong in quaint, lovable characters. In its present condition, however, it will probably be considered much too slow of action and too sentimental to appeal to the critics in the West, but will have to be appreciably altered in order to hold the unwavering attention of an American audience. This last scene affords Mr. Gillette one of the best opportunities he has ever had for the display of his own peculiarly forceful methods of acting. The best scenes afford him the opportunity of displaying his own peculiarly forceful methods of acting. Most of the women are terrible messes, as they go on the American stage, and his comments on art acquired by indefatigable labor, and despite most distressing physical drawbacks, make him pre-eminent in his way among our really eminent American actors.

NOTWITHSTANDING quicker revolutionization the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.



ST. LOUIS MEN PLAYING THE PAGINATING GAME OF SHUFFLEBOARD, LATELY INTRODUCED INTO THEIR CITY.—A. A. COOK, MISSOURI



THE POULTRY BUSINESS IN CALIFORNIA.—CAR FILLED WITH POULTRY ABOUT TO BE SHIPPED TO MARKET.—JOHN DIXON HOWE, CALIFORNIA.



LARGEST TOW-BOAT EVER BUILT, THE "SPRAGUE," HARLING BOATS LADED WITH 3,800,000 BUSHELS OF COAL DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—J. H. SCHMITT, OHIO.



LOADING BIG GUNS AT INDIAN HEAD, MD.—WOMEN GOING INTO THE CHIEF BOMB-PROOF FOR SAFETY.—MRS. C. E. MILLER, MARYLAND.



UNITED STATES TROOPS AT THE ARMY BARRACKS, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., LINED UP FOR INSPECTION AND DRILL.—MRS. E. E. TRANSCOTT, NEW YORK



(PAGE WINNER.) FIGHT BETWEEN BARRETT AND GOULD FOR A RAILROAD TERMINAL AT OAKLAND, CAL.—LANDING SUPPLIES FOR THE GOULD FORCES WORKING (IN DEFENSE OF AN INJUNCTION) WITH AN ARMED GUARD.—RALPH M. STEELE, CALIFORNIA.

NEWS PHOTO PRIZE CONTEST—CALIFORNIA WINS.

OCCURRENCES OF THE TIME PICTURED WITH FIDELITY AND SKILL BY ARTISTS OF KEEN OBSERVATION.



China's Lily

A GOOD-LUCK FLOWER.
THE LEGEND OF the *shui-sen-far*, the sacred lily of China, is told in the *Shih-ching* of Mencius and Confucius, has been handed down from

father to son until every man, woman, and child of Chinese blood is familiar with it. It is associated with the story of the cherry-tree and hatchet. It is said that the only place in China where the lily flourishes in natural growth is in the province of Fu Kein, where the original bullet were supposed to have been planted by Lo Tsien. The story, translated from the Chinese folk-lore by Lee Suey Hong, a New York student, is as follows:

Thousands of years ago, in the province of Fu Kein, a man who was called Lo Tai, his father, had two daughters, a poor and wealthy family, a woman of wonderfully small feet and arched brows, but of a selfish heart and sadly lacking in reverence for the ancestral tablets and the various gods of heaven and earth, which have much to do with smiting the people; and a girl, whose name was Ming, who, after the custom of his country, he soon took into his home a second wife, whom he called You Fung Sen. Although a daughter of the people, little You Fung Sen was also possessed of small feet, and her face, too, was beautiful, and these attributes, together with her mother's name, gave her the reputation that the happy Tsien being the first wife, enjoyed precedence in all things, a power which jealousy caused her to wield, much to the discomfort and unhappiness of the uncomplaining You Fung Sen. In the course of time Tsien, the first wife, bore a son, whom she called Fook Su, a good boy. To a son is a great honor, and Tsien not only congratulated herself that her child was a boy, but she prayed constantly that the child of her rival in the affections of Lo Tai would be a girl, which, regardless of his love for the mother, would cause her to cast a jealous eye over the other's husband. Her prayer was granted, and for the child of the second wife was also a boy, and there was great rejoicing by Lo Tai, who now had two sons to immortalize his soul, and to pray to the ancestral tablets. Proud of his offspring, Lo Tai engrossed himself in the study of the principles of his religion, and he himself would take them to the garden to inspect the pomegranates and the lychees, and be delighted to tell them wonderful stories of the shadows in the ponds and of the spirits which lurked in the trees. He was a good man, and, though of a kind nature himself, he respected no wrongs of others, and during the years of his domestic life he had never learned the furious jealousy of Tsien and the constant plotting to make the existence of little You Fung Sen and her son an unhappy one.

When the two boys found themselves alone,

Fook Su, the elder, inheriting the nature of his mother, and also following verbal instruction, would draw his little body up proudly, and say, "You are only the second son and your mother is a second wife—I have these lands, and even if you are waiting on me, ground." And with the pride of his mother and the religion of his father, answered not, although, hearing this for years, gradually a mighty resentment grew in his breast, and he resolved to run away, where he could walk on ground not claimed by his brother. He left his home and working in the fields as a laborer, Ming left him to his own efforts on the part of the heart-broken father to find him was baffled; he was given up as dead, and prayers were said and incense burned before the tablet set up in his memory. Some days passed, the resentful Ming, who had repented of his sins, and had come to the province of Fu Kein. Being too poor to ride, Ming set out on foot, and upon reaching the land of his father he rested many times before his weakened body could find strength to cover the miles to the home. When at last he stood before the door of his old home, he was welcomed by his mother and You Fung Sen had become spirits, and Tsien, the first wife, and her son, Fook Su, were in possession.

However, the law of China, which are the same to this day, the second son is entitled to a share in his father's estate, but being the second son, and in addition, the son of a second wife, this share is reduced to one-fourth, the elder brother taking three-fourths. The property of Lo Tai consisted of highlands and lowlands, the one rich and desirable and the other barren and rocky, while one reason point of a running stream of water. This latter, and rocky soil fell to the share of the second son, while Fook Su retained the fertile soil for himself. Discouraged and heartbroken, Ming said nothing, for he could not argue with the old boy, but thought to wonder once more over his old home, and to see the land he had given to his brother, for nothing could be done with such barren soil, and to try and till it would leave him with even less money than before. As he reached the garden where his father used to hold converse with the flowers, he wept tears of desolation and despair. Too poor to buy seed, but being of a devout religious nature he had been in the habit of gathering sweet herbs and the dry leaves of trees to burn in offering.

This he now proceeded to do, and as the spirals of fragrant smoke curled up he bowed his head in prayer.

Gradually he became aware of the presence of a *sen*, which appeared in the form of a man with the wisdom of many years on his breast. A voice, which he heard, yet seemed to come from nowhere, said, "My son, you have grieved your heart is good. Come back next year and you shall be rewarded with riches, ten thousand times thousand." With the disappearance of the vision Ming fell into a deep sleep, during which he was visited by his father, who told him that he had to be a good citizen, that his reverence for his ancestors, and his goodness of heart would be rewarded, and that his unhappy days were at an end. Awaking refreshed and happy with the memory of his recent vision, Ming once more began to earn his way by tilling the soil, and when the new year approached, he again set out to walk the distance to the lands of his father. Marveling at the wonderful fragrance which

that figures resemble George Washington in their adherence to truth, and the indictment which that Ohio investigator, who goes by the name of Olgierd Cadiah, brings against women's clubs is really something tremendous. Here are some of the conclusions at which she has arrived, as the result of her studies:

The average number of children in the United States is in the country in thirty-three years. The average age of the youngest children of the married members is eleven years. A careful investigation of the records shows that the single one married woman in sixteen becomes a mother after she has allied herself with women's clubs; that only one in forty-three, during a period of eight years, has become the mother of two children after her alliance with women's clubs.

Mr. Cadiah's investigation in this same field, so far as it relates to the various churches, produces some curious and interesting results as follows:

With 45,000 Methodist mothers the average number of children was 2.5-3.
With 36,234 Episcopal mothers the average number of children was 2.5-3.
With 24,935 Catholic mothers the average number of children was 2.5-3.
With 21,165 Presbyterian mothers the average number of children was 2.5-3.
With 25,241 Congregational mothers the average number of children was 2.5-3.
With 31,626 Baptist mothers the average number of children was 3-3.5.

It will be noted here that the Roman Catholics, Baptists, and Methodists, in general, make the best showing, while the Episcopalian and the Presbyterians are the poorest, though just why this should be so it would not be easy to explain. If Jewish mothers had been included in this survey, they would doubtless have stood at the head of the list and considerably above any other class. The bearing which religious tenets or denominational doctrines have upon race productivity is an interesting subject for study and too large to be entered upon here.

William II. and His Country.

WILLIAM II. is to celebrate his silver wedding on February 27th, and it is on the programme that he is to make a speech, which will be read throughout the world, to avoid the usual speech-making, especially the most picturesque and dashing of all the Old World's rulers. He has been called the Theodore Roosevelt of Germany. Our President has no warmer admirer than is the German Emperor.

Germany, with its 55,000,000 inhabitants, is the most populous nation in Europe, and Russia and its people are far more intelligent and far more effective as producers than are those of Russia. It ranks next to England among the European Powers in the extent of its industries. It is one of the most progressive of the nations, and has recently sent to the United States as ambassador some of its foremost statesmen. It has had a more faithful representation than the present ambassador, Baron von Steenburg.

William II. has surprised friends and enemies alike. When he went on the throne in 1888 most persons believed him to be a mild and peaceful, precipitate war between his country and some of his neighbors before he was long in power. Eighteen years of rule have shown that these forebodings were erroneous. He is multifarious in his activities, and is somewhat inclined to be thoughtless, but he has had the peace between his country and its neighbors, despite the commercial and political rivalries which beset him. Several strains have taken place in the relations between Germany on the one side and France and England on the other in his days, but open rupture has been avoided.

On his silver-wedding celebration the Kaiser will have the world's congratulations. America and the rest of the countries hope, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, that he will live long and prosper.

The World's Favorite

FOR SKIN, SCALPS, HAIR, AND HANDS IS CUTICURA SOAP, MEDICINAL EXTRACT, ANTISEPTIC.

For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands for baby rashes, ictches, and chafings, for annoying irritations and ulcerative weaknesses, and many diseases of the skin, Cuticura Soap especially suggests themselves to mothers, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, is invaluable. The purity and sweetness, the certainty of immediate and grateful relief, the great economy and simplicity of treatment, have made Cuticura Soap, assisted by Folia the favorite mother remedies.



SHUI-SEN-FAR, THE FAMOUS SACRED LILY OF CHINA, BY MEANS OF WHICH CHINAMEN FORETELL THE LUCK OF THE NEW YEAR.

filled the air, Ming was accosted by farmers, who, recognizing him at a distance, came running with the news of a wonderful garden blooming on the bare rocks of the land which had fallen to his share of the Lo Tsien fields. Hurrying forth he was amazed to behold a spot of ground which was covered with beautiful white flowers, where formerly only bare rocks and a running stream had met his eyes. As he stood in contemplation, wondering what he should do with this marvellous garden to realize the riches which had been predicted to an old man, Ming recognized as the voice of the old man, said, "My son, gather these flowers, which will insure prosperity and happiness for one year to all who induce them to blossom in your garden." So he did.

In a short time the fame of the sacred lily spread throughout China, and from all sources came demands for the bulbs. Although now rich and powerful with the ownership of the enchanted lands, Ming did not become proud; but, never relaxing his delections, he presented his garden to the poor, and he became with a generous hand to the poor, who found life happier with the possession of the *shui-sen-far*. Since that time to this day, never a year passes in the history of the young country of China without a

HARriet QUIMBY.

Clubs, Churches, and Children.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has found an ally in his onslaught upon women's clubs in a young Ohio woman who seems to have been looking up facts and statistics bearing upon race-suicide with special care and thoroughness. Taking it for granted





(THIRD PRIZE.) A MISCELLANEOUS BUT HAPPY FAMILY
C. N. Roan, Virginia.



A CONTENTED GROUP—PETS OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER
"ILLINOIS."—Nelson W. Sander, U. S. N.



(SECOND PRIZE.) THE
BEST OF FRIENDS
Mr. G. W. Laddon,
Massachusetts



Selden Washburn, South Dakota.



A LONGING LOOK.
Charles F. Foster, China.

THE RIGHTEFUL TENANT CROWDED OUT BY A USURPER.—Sarah Weaver, New York.

FLOSS DICTATING TO HER SECRETARY.—Sarah Weaver, New York.

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—SOUTH DAKOTA WINS THE FIRST PRIZE.
THE SECOND PRIZE GOES TO MASSACHUSETTS, THE THIRD PRIZE TO VIRGINIA.

A SAILOR'S WOOING

By Jeanie Gould Lincoln



THE JUNE midnight poured with dazzling radiance on the great white walls of the Navy Department, and a fugitive ray crept through the open window and cast itself across the paper on the desk. The admiral shifted his chair and pulled it closer, nevering him as he pen flew rapidly on; it was nearly time for the bureau to close and he had a dinner engagement.

"What do you say, sir?" murmured a respectful voice, as the door swung open and admitted his messenger. "Can you see me lady for a few minutes? It is after hours, but I do not like to send her away, as she brought these cards."

The admiral dropped his pen and picked up the bits of card-board. One was the card of a Cabinet officer and the other read, "Miss Evelyn Carey."

"What does she look like?" he said, with a half-impatient, wholly weary sigh.

"She's a sure 'nough lady, sir, not the last one."

"I should hope not." The admiral's merry smile twinkled up in his eyes as a vision of his teetotal woman visitor. "She is a real改革家, well. Suppose if you're sure she isn't a reformer or a female politician let her come in," and he turned back to his letter and signed it as the door opened again and a girl walked swiftly toward him.

She was such a slender slip of a girl, and there was a faint old-world about her that was different from the briskness of the modern product, that the admiral knew she was of gentle birth before she opened her lips. Her white gown was of the plainest, and under her wide hat a pair of pathetic gray eyes surveyed him with a kind of childlike awe. Something in their half-appealing, half-frightened expression struck a chord of memory, and the admiral held out his hand with the frankness and cordiality which had made him such a favorite in his bureaus.

"What can I do for you, Miss Carey? Take this chair and tell me as briefly as you can."

"You are more than kind to see me, sir. The messenger said I was late; but I must take the evening train, and I was so anxious to get here that I hurriedly dictated; a faint pink flush crept into her cheeks and she tightened her fingers nervously around the handle of her parasol wanted to bespeak your kind offices for me, Clayton Thorne."

Then the admiral remembered. Clayton Thorne was a cadet who had failed to pass his examinations at Annapolis, been dropped for two successive years, and was now leading the academy. His record was not particularly glorious: simply a lazy, careless n'e'er-do-well for whom his friends were trying to obtain an appointment where he could do clerical work and keep out of mischief—in short, send him to Holland or some Eastern station. The girl, watching his face, saw the change in the admiral's expression, and went on, eagerly:

"He has been so unfortunate, poor fellow! and he is so clever, really clever—in many ways, but not capable of the academy. I think he can never conquer mathematics. When I met him first, two years ago at Fortress Monroe, where I went as a nurse when the troops came up from Cuba."

"You a nurse?" interrupted the astonished admirals; "why, you are not old enough! I beg your pardon, Miss Carey."

"I am," with a little smile and an air of capability. "I am twenty-four years old."

"You look about seventeen," said the admiral, and again that kindly twinkle in his eye encouraged her to proceed. "You were at Fortress Monroe—well, I suppose."

"Then Mr. Thorne came down and was so helpful—he really and truly was; he worked hard, and I am sure if he can but get his chance away from some adverse influences, that he will do finally and be a credit to the service. Do you know him a position, admiral? So much dependence is it for you and me." She was scarlet now, and her sensitive lips were set in a rigid line to prevent their quivering.

"And pardon me again—in Mr. Thorne a relative of yours?" I do not ask from undue curiosity."

The girl looked at him for a moment in silence. There was no mistaking the sympathy of his tone; this was a man whom she could trust.

"I have promised to be his wife," she said with simple dignity. "He does not want people to know it, for we are both very poor. I have an invalid brother who depends upon me for support, but if Clayton gets his chance we could put out another joint account to help him. What do you say? Are you have been successful perhaps, you have never had to struggle; this appointment would give life and hope to three anxious hearts—will you give it to me?"

The great clock standing in the corner struck four, but the admiral did not hear it. Successful, yes—but that of the momentous conflict with fate; the closing scenes of a great war; the little grave in the Connecticut hills which had closed over a girl with just such pathetic gray eyes as those now looking into his? Now that rapid promotion had given him a rear-admiral's flag at fifty-two and had won him a naval captaincy, he could hardly bear to think of a fair woman laid amid vines was this success? What talkman did this girl carry in her low, sweet voice? And Clayton Thorne, young scapegrace, that he would should the logical birth to add to swell the ranks of naval officers? The admiral's thoughts were racing in the history of that young man which hardly rebounded to his credit. Still the fellow must have his chance if only for that of this fair and childlike pleader, so like that other, long ago. What a case he must be to let her come in and sit for half an hour!

Evelyn Carey considered what the admiral's silence meant as the clock ticked on; it seemed endless, and she did not dare to break it.

"Miss Carey"—the tone was very kind and gentle—"I have interested me very much, and I shall consider the matter; favorably if possible. I have your address on this card; you shall hear from me soon."

What a smile she gave him! He never could remember what she said, but that glowing look remained with him, and he knew but he himself could not tell, with a sort of open-eyed admiration when the admiral proceeded through the park that afternoon on his way home, as he flicked a stone out of his path: "He doesn't want people to know, d—— his impudence!"

The dinner that night was at the Willoughbys,

"Thank you. How can you tell my awful possibilities when seated at my desk in the bureau? Still, you are somewhat like Ursula Major in one case."

"And that was—?"

The admiral hesitated; they were very old friends, and he often took counts with her. "Do you happen to know Miss Evelyn Carey, of Baltimore?" he said, suddenly. Mrs. Willoughby shot an amused glance at him.

"Old family friends."

she replied, dropping her voice a little to the private tête-à-tête pitch for a dinner table. "And you couldn't refuse Evelyn—no matter how hard you tried. Well?"

"So you sent her to me," he said, greatly diverted. "I thought it was the secretary."

"The secretary, poor man, was so bewitched with her that he would do anything. But we decided that your bureau was best. Don't tell me that you are really fifty-heated."

"I couldn't be where that delicate girl is concerned," he said, gravely. "What are you thinking of to be her third? If ever I see Clayton Thorne—But, my dear man, she loves him—or thinks she does—which is much the same thing, until she awakes from her dream."

And then, heaven help her! thought the admiral, as he said quietly, "I'll call it love! it's simply a crazy fascination. Few people know what love really is. You can't dignify Thorne's flirtations in that way."

Mr. Willoughby had his moments of reflection as the suave butler passed dish after dish to the admiral. "Can it be possible, after all these years?" Oh, Evelyn, I care, I'd like to shake you!"

"I shall give the appointment to Thorne," continued the admiral, peeling his peach carefully. "The fellow shall have a chance, and perhaps a wife may keep him straight. Don't you think I ought to be asked to the wedding?"

But the laugh in his eyes did not deceive Mrs. Willoughby, as she thanked him for his gracious friendliness and gave the signal to rise from the table.

The admiral had a quiet house that night through the moonlit park to his club chambers, and, do what he would, Evelyn's wistful face went with him—and not then only, but for many a day after he saw the smiling gray eyes, even while he beatified his wife for envying another man's good fortune.

June rolled along into July, and the hot August days were upon the capital city in all its heat and bustle. Washington, all its magnificence. Washington had flown to sea-side and mountain, and the admiral was beginning to think that he, too, would take a vacation and leave the bureau to the mercy of his chief clerk. He was gazing idly over his New York papers, looking for a column of a newspaper, and having found the item, ran his eye down the list of passengers. Yes; there it was! the name he had half-consciously been searching for—Lieutenant and Mrs. Clayton Thorne. "Aye, aye," before the admiral's eyes awoke Evelyn Carey's glowing smile and fair, pathetic face. He sighed as he said, "God bless her!" Turning the next page he read this paragraph:

"Married, August 10th, by the Rev. Arthur Merton, Katharine, daughter of James Rutherford, Esq., of the Beeches, to Clayton Thorne, U. S. N."

In his amazement he read it aloud, and then a good, round sailor's oath escaped him. "The second!" he thought to himself. "I'll bring him to justice!" "I'll bump in his throat," choked the words.

"Poor little girl! I wonder where she is?" It will write Mrs. Willoughby and find out how it all happened. And to think it was I who gave him his chance to be a man!"

The admiral wrote his letter; indeed, he wrote it over three times, for he knew how quick-witted was the clever woman of the world and how she might read between the lines and guess his secret. Finally, however, he pinned it down so much that Mrs. Willoughby could scarcely fail to detect its artificiety, he dispatched the missive, locked his desk, and walked over to his club.

Most of the men were away, but seated in the east window was Captain Crosby, an old messmate, who hailed him with:

Continued on page 142



"THIS APPOINTMENT WOULD GIVE LIFE AND HOPE TO THREE ANXIOUS HEARTS."





FISHING VILLAGE OF CATALAN, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR FROM ALGECIRAS, SPAIN, WHERE THE MOROCCAN CONFERENCE HAS BEEN SITTING.



TOWN HALL IN ALGECIRAS, SPAIN, IN WHICH THE SESSIONS OF THE CONFERENCE ON FRANCE AND GERMANY'S RIVAL CLAIM IN MOROCCO HAVE BEEN HELD.



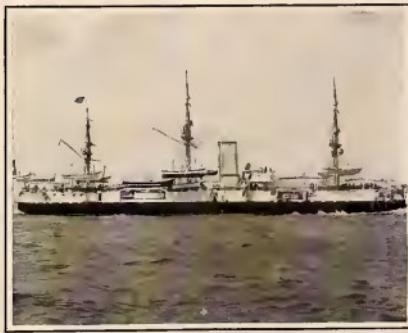
VIEW OF LA GUAIRA, PORT OF CARACAS, WHERE FRANCE WAR-

CIPRIANO CASTRO, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA,
WHO HAS INVOLVED HIS COUNTRY IN
TROUBLE WITH FRANCE.

SHIPS MAY BEGIN AGGRESSIVE ACTION AGAINST VENEZUELA.



ILL-FATED STEAMSHIP "VALENCIA," OF THE PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO., WHICH WAS RECENTLY WRECKED ON THE ROCKY SHORE OF VANCOUVER ISLAND DURING A DENSE FOG, WITH A LOSS OF 114 LIVES.

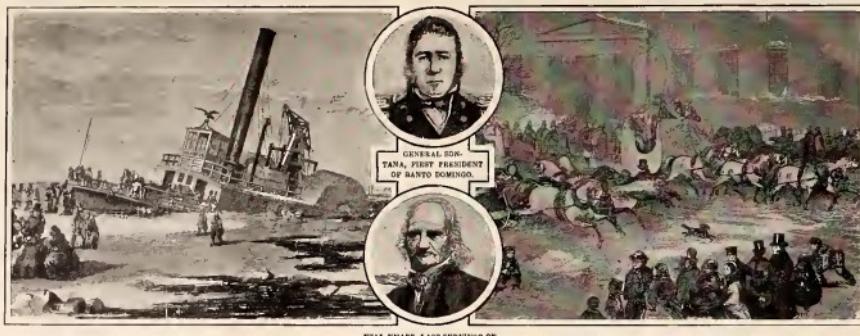


BRAZILIAN WAR-SHIP "AQUADARION," WHOSE POWDER MAGAZINES RECENTLY EXPLODED NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO, WRECKING THE VESSEL, KILLING 212 MEN AND INJURING THIRTY-SIX.—Underwood & Underwood.

MATTERS OF THE TIME OF WORLD-WIDE INTEREST.

WARSHIP AND MERCHANTMAN WHICH WERE WRECKED WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE, THE MOROCCAN CONFERENCE'S MEETING PLACE, AND THE POINT WHERE FRANCE MAY STRIKE VENEZUELA.

Topics and Pictures of the Day in Leslie's Fifty Years Ago



STATEN ISLAND FERRY-BOAT "COLUMBUS" SUNK IN ICE.

GENERAL JOSE TAVAES, FIRST PRESIDENT OF SANTO DOMINGO.

GENERAL URAL KNAPP, LAST SURVIVOR OF WASHINGTON'S LIFE GUARDS.

BROADWAY, DEEP UNDER SNOW, FURNISHED A SLUSHING CARNIVAL.

FIFTY YEARS ago this week, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER reflected the great topics of the day, both pictorially and editorially, as *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* does in this issue. Notable among these were the following: the topic, called out by the fact that New York was buried under snow and her waters by ice. As the accompanying views show, there was excellent sleighing on Broadway—a sight rare enough in recent years and not seen this winter. Think of our new \$1,000,000 municipal ferry-boats to Staten Island being frozen in while in mid-stream! Yes; that happened in February, 1856, and the *Columbus*

sank, while trying to plow through the ice. Santo Domingo was a live topic then, as now. The last Emperor, a negro, had just fallen, a republic had been established, and a new one was in the making, which contained Washington's birthday, the death of Sergeant Ural Knapp, of Orange County, was displayed prominently. Knapp was the last survivor of Washington's Life Guards. He entered the Revolutionary army at the age of sixteen, and died when ninety-four. St. Petersburg then was in the public eye. A whole page of pictures was given to show the marvelous growth of the comparatively new Russian capital.

The opening of the first railroad in Iowa and the completion of the bridge between Davenport and Rock Island was an event much discussed. In this ancient issue a plan of the proposed Central Fair was printed. A contrast between tropical Havanna and the frigid North was given in pictures. The Northern scene was that of four locomotives trying to send a snow plow through fifteen-foot drifts. The riotous scenes attendant the enforcement of the Maine prohibitory law took up much space. The last page was given up to the dedication of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Church Union as a Business Proposition

THAT THE recent interchurch conference at Carnegie Hall was a decided and successful movement toward a closer union of the Protestant and so-called evangelical churches, there can be no manner of doubt. The conference itself, in which the chosen representatives of some thirty of these denominations participated, after a visible expression of the spirit of union, was most gratifying. The decision of the delegates present to submit the question whether there should be a federation of all Protestant churches to their governing boards for decision, to be reported upon in 1896, was a definite step toward a goal for which many able and zealous men have labored for many years. This federation, it may be noted, does not contemplate organic union, but a working agreement under which money heretofore spent in competition may be devoted to church extension, and to the extension of religious privileges and temporal possessions of the larger cities and to remote rural neighborhoods which are now utterly neglected. Federation will mean sharing the burden of missionary efforts, the promotion of devotional fellowship, and a large increase of the usefulness of the church on every hand.

In the meanwhile, and before the federal council proposed by the Carnegie Hall conference can be consummated, there promises to be a closing up in the ranks of various denominations which are now divided up among themselves. Thus a union is hoped for at an early date between the Congregational and Methodist and the Presbyterian churches, which separated before the Civil War over questions growing out of slavery, and negotiations to end this enmity have been in progress for years. At the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, New York, where the Compton-Presbyterian was unanimously voted for, and this union was actually achieved a few weeks ago at a joint meeting of representatives of the two denominations held at St. Louis. By this action the Northern Presbyterian Church will add to itself a body of 184,493 new adherents of the most sturdy and devout sort.

About the same time that this union was formed at St. Louis a larger and still more significant consolidation of churches was perfected at Toronto, Canada, the result of a series of meetings a year ago between representatives of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist denominations in the Dominion. These three bodies have now agreed upon a basis of union under what is to be known henceforth as the "United Church of Canada." The new body is to be governed by a general conference, as at the present, and will also incorporate some features of both the Congregational and the Presbyterian systems of government. The code, or basis, of union will be submitted to the three delegations throughout Canada for approval. The news of this has just been received, it is believed, that the vote will be practically unanimous.

This movement toward a combination of church interests, either in the form of a federation or in or-

ganic unity, will appeal to the business sense of the members, and as such other movement could, and because of this will gain for the churches thus related a prestige and a strength hardly to be gained otherwise.

For the present division of the denominations into scores of lesser bodies, each working along distinct and independent lines, is a serious hindrance to the most important work of the church, and there is no manner of excuse; it is wholly irrational and little short of ridiculous. If an attempt were made to carry on any great industrial enterprise as much of our church work is carried on to-day it would be the laughing-stock of the business world. There is certainly no room for it. An illustration of the folly and shameful waste of our pietistic church division was afforded the writer of these lines not many months ago while on a brief sojourn in a Southern community. The colored population of that particular community numbered about six thousand, yet for this size of church, all poor and ignorant people, there were no less than five separate churches, each with its handful of worshippers making a desperate and pitiful struggle to meet their expenses with all manner of cheap devices and largely by beggaring of their white neighbors. But these poor crea-

tures could hardly be blamed for they were onlyimitating those spiritual guides and counselees among the whites. It would not be difficult to find white communities in the North of equal size similarly divided and almost as poor. These things, as we have said, are without excuse in this enlightened and progressive America. It means a dissipation of money and effort which could easily be saved, and which it must have if it is ever to be made a better and happier place than it now is.

L. A. M.

Editors Praise "Leslie's Weekly."

OUT OF the great volume of congratulations from newspaper friends elicited by the Christmas and Semi-centennial number of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* the following have been selected as typical, as well as striking:

"*Leslie's Weekly* continues to this day the leader of the American illustrated papers, and a year's volume makes an invaluable source of pictorial current history." —*The Floor Dealer*, Chicago.

"It's mighty interesting, finely conceived, well wrought out, and distinctly creditable to you." —*Les Gubert*, Editor of *Western Christian Advocate*.

"*Leslie's Weekly* has done much to make the illustrated weekly and magazine a household name that has made every reader its dunder." —*James Wash. Ledger*.

"*Leslie's Weekly* is one of the best illustrated weeklies published to-day, and its success is due to the fact that it has made every reader its dunder."

Leslie's Weekly is in its artistic standard and high tone, setting a new standard of journalism." —*The Universal Leader*, Boston.

"The Christmas and Semi-centennial number of *Leslie's Weekly* is a masterpiece of artistic skill and literary enterprise. The number and its supplement are worthy of preservation in any library." —*John C. H. Smith*.

"*Leslie's Weekly* has good reason to be proud of its long life of usefulness, and is especially to be congratulated that during this time it has not lost its original character, which is a combination not of art and literature, but of mirth." —*Cumberland Presbyterian*, Nashville, Tenn.

A Boy's Breakfast.

THERE'S a NATURAL FOOD THAT MAKES ITS OWN WAY.

There's a boy up in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is growing into sturdy manhood on Grape-Nuts breakfasts. It might have been different with him, as his mother explains:

"My eleven-year-old boy is large, well-developed, and strong, and he's made so by his fondness for Grape-Nuts food. At five years he was a very nervous child and was subject to frequent attacks of indigestion, which used to rob him of his strength, and were very troublesome to deal with. He never seemed to care for meat, nor for any kind of bread until Grape-Nuts, and I have never had to change from them. He makes his entire breakfast of Grape-Nuts food. It is always relished by him, and he says that it satisfies him better than the ordinary kind of meal."

"Better than all, he is no longer troubled with indigestion or nervousness, and has got a splendidly developed figure since he began to eat Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Poetun Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

When the Skeleton Grins.

YOU may be a cheerful chap, and you:—
An old bird that sings on a rainy day;
And the world may say that fortune's smile
Beams kindly upon you all the while.
But truly it is, if the world you tell,
There's a skeleton with a ghoul-like spell,
When the light grows dim and the fire burns low.
And the bones skeleton grins at you.

HE comes from his lair in that dark closet
In the house where the sun has closed on him;
You know his size, and you know his name,
He is sin or folly, or wrong or shame.
He cries, "The bad deed you left undone,
The secret sin you hid away, come home;
Rebeld me now! it is but my due."
And the family skeleton grins at you.

OR you hear his tread on a sunny day,
When friends come flocking along your way,
With the race for honor at last is run
And the world is won, and the world is won.
You will not listen, but you hear me out,
And your apples of happiness turn to dust.
Then he comes, a curse, and he looks through,
And the family skeleton grins at you.

OH, what is the charm to break the power
Of this foe of a fancy or misery hour?
Go, do the good you have left undone,
Believe each wrong the act of man.
Then you'll be free, and the family skeleton
Can chase the spirits of doubt and fear,
And let such floods of radiance in.
That you can see the skeleton grin.

ANNA R. HENDERSON.

JASPER'S HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS

NOTICE—Subscribers to *Leslie's Weekly* at the home office, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York, or at any of our branch offices, namely, five dollars per annum or \$5.00 per year, names, full address, and telephone number, will receive from time to time, a copy of "Jasper's Preferred List," containing answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions, and also to other questions, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegram. A small charge is made for answering questions, and all expenses are paid by the subscriber. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inserted.

All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," *Editor, Leslie's Weekly*, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

I WONDER if any of my numerous readers have observed the conspicuous absence of the so-called Standard Oil magnates from the list of prominent lions who have been involved in the scandalous disclosures affecting a certain ill-odorous publication in New York. The list of prominent men, mostly society leaders, or would-be leaders, who paid or loaned the publication the sum of \$100,000 and Families!"¹ all the way from \$1,000 to \$90,000 each, embraces such distinguished gentlemen as W. K. Vanderbilt, J. P. Morgan, the late W. C. Whitney, the late C. P. Huntington, James R. Keene, C. M. Schwab, George F. Baker, George P. Floyer, and John W. Gates. But I fail to find in the list of these eminent rich men, who were either seeking publicity or else escaping notoriety, the names of the following: Mr. and Mrs. M. Floyer, John D. Archbold, E. T. Bedford, or any of the other Standard Oil directors. On the very day while the sensational disclosures in what has now become a notorious suit were being made, Mr. John D. Rockefeller and Mrs. Harry H. Rogers were with many other philanthropic ladies of quality, occupying the boxes at Carnegie Hall at a great meeting called to foster the educational ideals of the poor and dependent blacks of the South. The same day John D. Rockefeller was adding \$1,500,000 more to his magnificent endowment to the Chicago University. H. H. Rogers

was establishing, on his customary liberal scale, a new charitable institution for children. Henry M. Flagler was continuing to extend his wonderful projects in Florida which have brought wealth and prosperity to that State, and John D. Archbold was continuing his generous, and quite conducted, good work on behalf

I refer to this matter, not with the hope that what I say will correct, or in any way ameliorate, the dangerous tendencies of any person to fly at the heels of anyone else, and everybody who has had the desire to make a name of Standard Oil; but if this little comment raises an interesting train of thought in the minds of those readers of the daily papers who still believe in justice and integrity, it may be well done.

I am not the advocate, the exponent, or the defender of Standard Oil ideas, nor do I hold a retailer in behalf

of any of its crowd, but I am a believer in justice, and it is but fair to the Standard Oil to say that what I charge may be true of the wealthiness, the audacity, and the unquestioned daring which they have exhibited in all their operations in business, in finance, in politics, and in society, but that their skirts to be tainted in the nasty mire of moral pollution.

No do I say that all of the gentlemen who so generously poured their funds into the treasury of a double-edged and double-bladed weapon, so solely to purchase publicity of social, national, or community from disclosures of an unpleasant character. There are men in Wall Street—big men, too—who will give money freely to get rid of an individual, and who will give a ten cent piece to an organ-grinder to keep him away from his front window. If, as the result of the disclosures in the scandalous libel suit, rich men learn that they should pay more attention to the press, rather than favor the press, then the object to be accomplished. I only speak of these matters in connection with the affairs of Wall Street, because the libel suit illustrates the difference between what I may call the "old school" and "new school."

I do not make the distinction, however, because it has already been made by the yellow press.

It has long labored to prove that there are only two interests in Wall Street: one, controlled by the old school, the other, controlled by everybody and everything else. The former is secretive, serene, and successful. The latter is in the blaze of the light, makes itself conspicuous at the horse show, as well as at the horse track, aspires to lead the other, and is the chief attraction, not only for the enjoyment of luxury and pleasure, even at the expense of inflicting pain on others. There is a difference between these two Wall Street sets. The one who respects it, will, like the great, the different, the wise, the good, be; is there any question as to what a rational, reasonable, normal-conditioned person would choose as between the two?

Wall Street is having a renaissance. Amalgamation is the high point at which they once sold, when the public were so eager to get them that they believed that there would not be enough to go around. The bitterest attack made on H. H. Rogers' nose, when he who claimed his victim in the Amalgamated deal, and the worst, got that J. P. Morgan ever received followed the sensational rise, and the equally sensational decline in the Steel Trust shares, as approached the high point at which they once sold, when the public were so eager to get them that they believed that there would not be enough to go around. The bitterest attack made on H. H. Rogers' nose, when he who claimed his victim in the Amalgamated deal, and the worst, got that J. P. Morgan ever received followed the sensational rise, and the equally sensational decline in the Steel Trust shares. That was an opportunity given to both financial fakir his opportunity to lambast Rogers and to harpoon the Standard Oil crowd from top to bottom. But with Amalgamation now even higher than the price at which it was sold, the public are again buying, and the dividends gradually advancing toward the old figures. Rogers' friends are springing up on all sides, while Watson's are deserting him in droves. Is it possible that Rogers' nose, which was so sore as he is, decided to reinstate himself with his followers in Amalgamation? If so, he has well-nigh accomplished the task. Is the talk of a reorganization on the belief that Morgan will also seek to justify his judgment, and to satisfy those who found fault with him for what happened to Steel

common, and preferred? Only great millionaires can afford to vindicate themselves in this way, and when they do it costs a great deal to accomplish the work at their own expense. Of that my readers may be very sure.

The renaissance of Wall Street is at least a good sign. It indicates not that that great nation is better to be chosen than great riches, as the press tells us, but that some bold men will claim a good name. We have seen the renaissance of the life-insurance business. One after the other of those who were leaders in that field have dropped out and sunk to obscurity, and new men and new methods appear, and the great companies which were masters in the financial world are taking a back seat. The life-insurance business is the old-fashioned, conservative, well-established, safe insurance companies. The latter are moving forward by leaps and bounds, while the great companies are finding the foundations of business slipping from underneath their feet. Bitter lessons have been taught by the experiences of the past year. Still more bitter ones remain for 1906.

I cannot escape the conviction that in many instances, the stocks which have been placed on an altarsite fitfully indicate that fortunes which have been won on this advance are paper fortunes, the reality of which will appear whenever somebody gets his necklack. Stocks which have got their necklack, and which will probably never be a leading list, stocks without even a voting quality, are selling at prices which, in other days, had been reached only by dividend stocks. Stocks which once represented an investment of money and strength and power are the footfalls of the Street, or will be before the end has been reached.

Gambing has taken the place of investing in Wall Street. Men buy stocks in the morning, on cards in the afternoon, and on cards at night. This reckless dissipation, if it affected only those who create it, would not be so pitiful; but it is drawing into Wall Street men and women who are more easily swayed by the siren song than sensible, and more reckless than reasonable. I have said again and again that the stock market cannot everlasting go up. The day will come when the market goes down, and anything may happen to it. This markably open winter is not conducive to business prosperity. It has greatly affected the sale of rubber goods, of hardware, of coal, and of oil, and most seriously diminished the sales of both bituminous and anthracite coal for domestic purposes. It has led to a failure, thus far, of the ice crop on the Hudson River, and if it shall interfere with the sale of coal, it is bound to affect the growth of the coal which crop, and if it carries the preage of a very hot and dry summer, it is not difficult to foresee that prosperous conditions must disappear.

The stock market is in a sensitive condition. We have had several severe scares, with sharp reactions, all indicating that speculators are ready to jump quickly from the bull to the bear side.

Some day the day comes when the members of the Bull will be getting sick in buying? Suppose they have been unloading during the recent rise, as they unquestionably have been? What will be left of the bull movement? And who will be the sufferers by the stamp? It is a good time to take profits.

"In" October. We can get a rating on steel, iron, copper, tin, and zinc, and the Stock Exchange.

In Berlin, Germany, I do not recommend any of the mining stocks on your list. They are all overpriced.

"Now" Wall Street. No dealing in the money part of the market.

"In" Cleveland. I am in great need of information concerning the coal and coke industry.

"In" Denver. I can get no information concerning the silver market.

"In" New York. I would not

get earnings above a decided improvement. I think you will do good profit if you will be patient. In New York, deal largely in bonds of investment quality, and moderately in stocks of first rate head offices, and moderate. *Leslie's Weekly* is increasing in value without charge. The bonds they offer yield from 4 to 6 percent.

A word to the wise: None of the stocks on your list is a dividend stock, and therefore not a common stock. The Colorado Southern first preferred is 5% and the second is 4%. The Colorado Grand preferred pays 2½-3 percent, semi-annually, but those who own it will claim a considerable strength. St. Louis Southwestern prefers and has a 4% dividend. It will be put on the dividends paying list this year. The Texas Pacific, on the other hand, has a 2% dividend, and is in a hurry to get into the market.

Wall Street has had a rather

peculiar experience. There has been altogether no change in the market, but the stocks are surely sold much higher because the old stocks were

divided, and the new stocks were created.

That is to say, the market is up, perhaps with the idea of securing control. Of course, the new stocks are not yet in evidence, but copper stocks may be expected to be affected by the fall in the market. In the Gold Bullion Bullion on the property. As far as your property is concerned, add it to your bank, there can be no doubt as to the safety of your funds. I should think.

Continued on page 10.

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By FLORENZO CONSTANTINO, Tenor
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Song in Italian, Orchestra accompaniment
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Song in German, Orchestra accompaniment
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Song in French, Orchestra accompaniment

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BURSER WEED, WHOSE ROOTS BEING \$40 PER TON, AND WHICH HAS OPENED UP A NEW COMMERCIAL INDUSTRY IN THE WEST.—*Pawnee*.

TWO CURIOUS WESTERN WEEDS

DOUBTLESS there is no use for everyone to grow weeds, but often the finite mind is not able to fathom nature's mystery. This reflection is provoked by the experience of Colorado and other States where the farmers and others are adopting strenuous measures to exterminate the loco weed, which poisons stock; and where, at the same time, the rubber weed is being assiduously cultivated for its commercial possibilities.

The loco weed is so much of a pest that it is recognized as a public menace. It is estimated that this weed has cost the State of Colorado more than \$200,000 during the past ten years in the efforts made to stamp it out. Late last summer a new method of agriculture is supplementing the efforts to suppress it. This weed poisons thousands of range cattle and horses every year, causing dementia and a slow wasting away until death claims the victim. The plant spreads with inconceivable rapidity. In less than a month as many as 2,500 recently on a single plant. Two methods are considered in the attempt to eradicate this weed. One is to dig it up and burn it; the other to cut it off at the surface and scatter salt on the stump. The latter plan, apparently, is the best, and is being warmly recommended by farmers in Nebraska. The State board of Colorado is being urged to issue a decree to lease an affected section of land and try an salt experiment on a large scale.

The rubber weed, so far from being a pest, has established a new industry in the West. It was said that a thirsty cowboy, who had been riding hard, discovered the presence of crude rubber. Last year a process for its manufacture on a large scale was perfected and a factory built at Salida, where the roots bring forty dollars per ton.

A SAILOR'S WOOING

Continued from page 126

"Not gone yet? Why, admiral, I thought you were at the Lawtons' a week ago."

"So I should have been, but the youngest baby developed scarlet fever, and I am not due at the Willoughbys' for a fortnight. It's getting dull and lonely here; I think I'll go off somewhere to-morrow."

"Better come down with me to Amy-May's at home now before hitting North, and nothing would give her more pleasure."

The admiral looked pleased. "That's good of you, Crooky. Mrs. Crook won't mind if old sailor lingers, will she?"

"You haven't argued since last May," said Crooky, laughing; "get your tops together and we'll take the next train."

Well so it happened that the admiral found his way to a quiet little Maryland town just as the sun was setting, leaving its golden trail out on the water and sinking behind the vine-covered veranda, where Mrs. Crook came to greet the two men as they stepped heavily up the street. In the most sheltered corner of the veranda sat a slender, dainty figure, and almost before his eyes had time to penetrate the shade his hostess was saying:

"I'm so glad I have some one to entertain you, admiral. Let me present you to my dear friend, Miss Evelyn Carey."

He was so surprised, so utterly taken aback at this most unexpected meeting with the girl whom he had in his thoughts all day, that the big sailor blushed as he took Evelyn's hand. It was a wonder he did not burst out that he imagined her at the antipodes, and he would probably have done so in his perturbation if Evelyn had not flushed a smile at him—a smile so kind, so gentle, that it added to his bewilderment.

"The admiral and I have met before," said quietly.

"I am delighted that you have come to take compassion on us," continued Evelyn, "but to tell the truth of the little dreams that were going on under her very eyes."

Evelyn has been ill, and came down to recruit, and we were just wishing for some one—ever Harry here is better than nobody," and she laughingly followed him into the house.

The two left, and the veranda looked at each other for a moment in silence. The admiral surrendered then and there, and, being only a man and a sailor, he never stopped to take counsel with his heart, and immediately followed his hostess into the house.

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"I think it would be a very worthless heart if he had," His voice trembled a little and his eyes sank beneath the admiral's look.

"You told me that day you were going to marry Thorne——"

"But I did not say—I loved him."

Evelyn, do you know what you are reading?" he asked. "Is it true that wife and let me show you what love is?"

"Is this a sailor's wooing?" She was smiling now, with an archness and sweetness that went to his head like wine.

"I did not know what love meant—then!"

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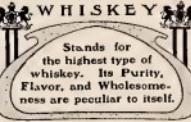
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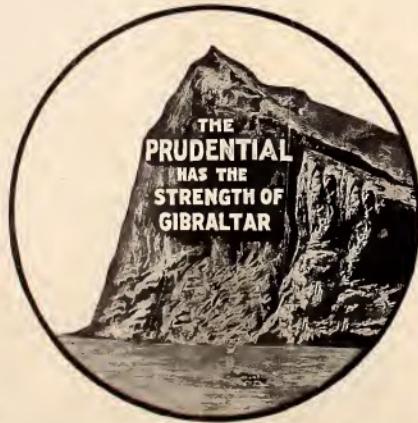
Advances in Security and Public Confidence

Thirtieth Annual Statement, January 1, 1906, Shows

ASSETS, over	107 Million Dollars
LIABILITIES (including Reserve \$88,000,000)	91 Million Dollars
SURPLUS, over	16 Million Dollars
INCREASE IN ASSETS, over	18 Million Dollars
PAID POLICYHOLDERS DURING 1905 over	14 Million Dollars
TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS to December 31, 1905, over	107 Million Dollars
CASH DIVIDENDS and Other Concessions not Stipulated in Original Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to Date, over	6 Million Dollars
NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, nearly	6 1-2 Million
INCREASE IN NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, over	1-2 Million
NET INCREASE IN INSURANCE IN FORCE, over	113 Million Dollars

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